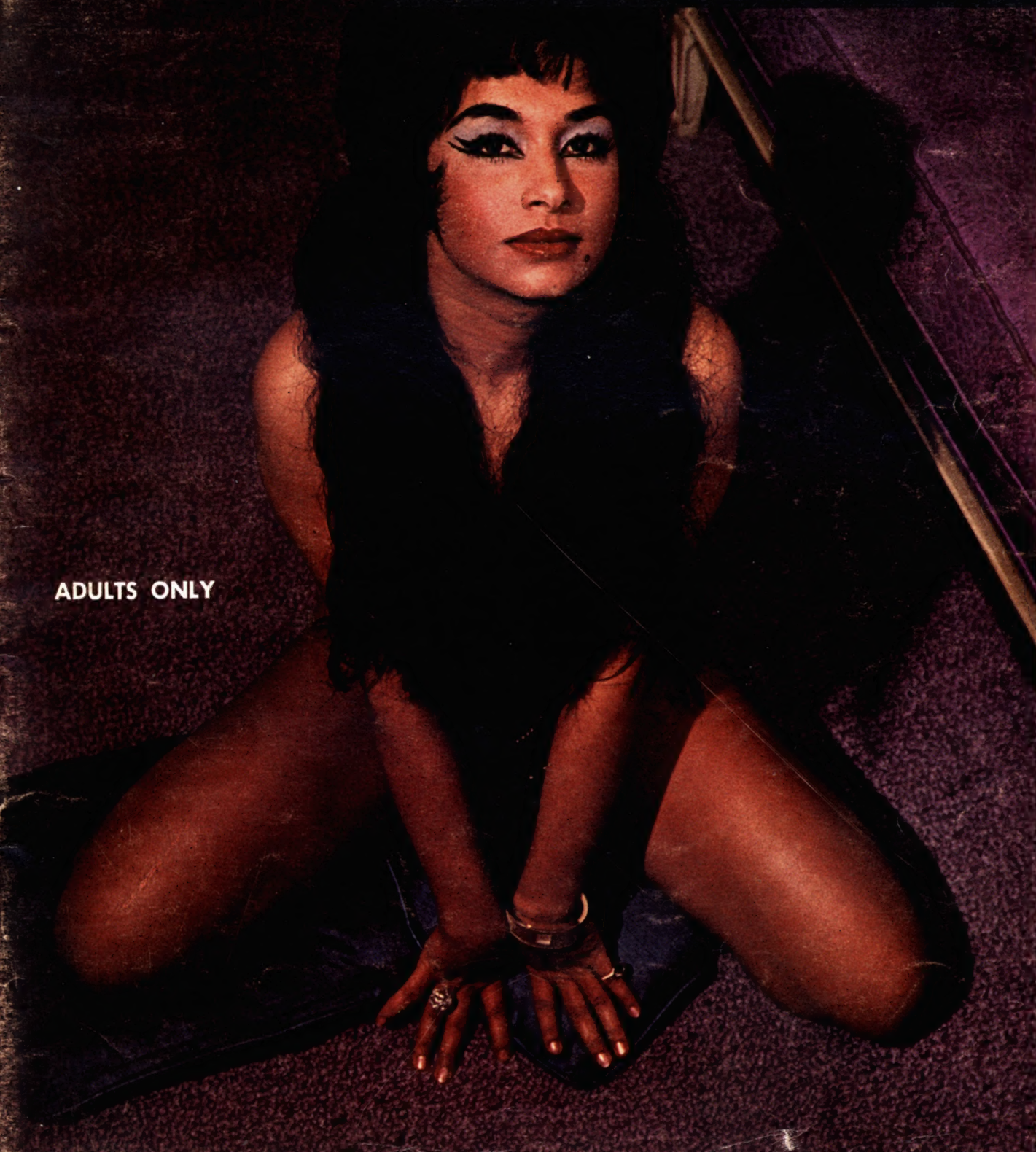


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JADE

The Ultimate in
MAGAZINE ENTERTAINMENT

ADULTS ONLY



Star

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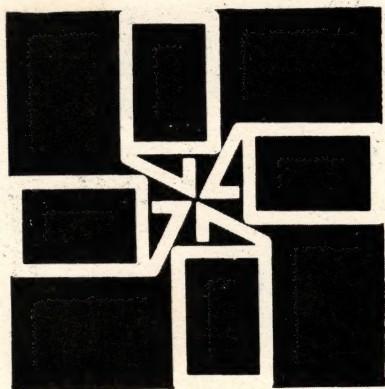


Every babe is a star that ap-
pears in Jade Magazine!

Some of our girls are ac-
tresses, some models, and
many are aspiring starlets . . .
so LETS FLIP THE PAGES and
choose your own particular
STAR!!

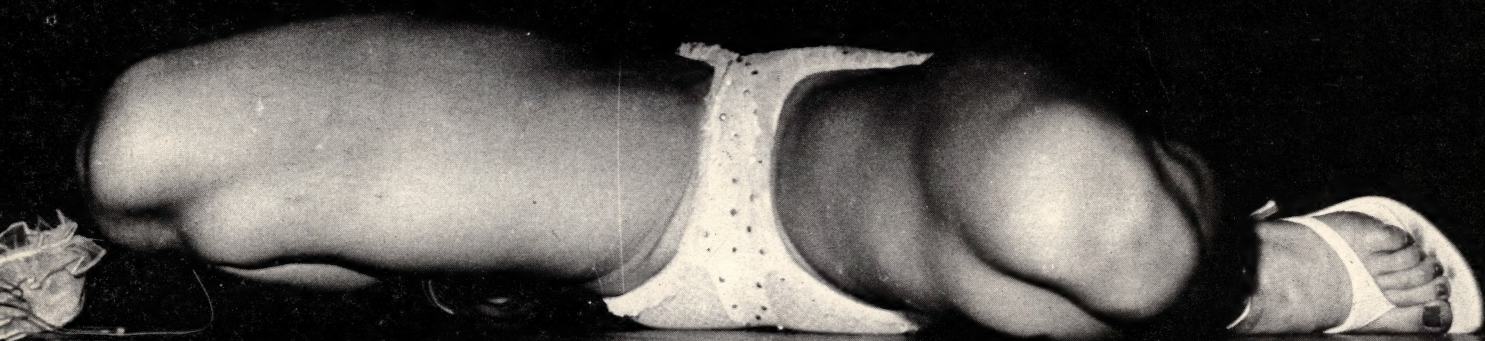
For years the American public has searched for a new magazine . . . a magazine that combines the **VISUAL IMPACT** of LIFE, the **READABILITY** of SATURDAY EVENING POST, the **HUMOR** of MAD, and the **SOPHISTICATION** of PLAYBOY • NOW . . . at last . . . such a magazine exists! • **JADE—the ultimate in magazine entertainment**—is the perfect combination of these ingredients. • In each issue of **JADE** you will find fascinating articles, top quality fiction, wacky hilarious cartoons, and **girls**. Girls that personify the ideal American female. Girls who combine a provocative figure with a soft, appealing face. Girls that you would be proud to bring home to Mother. Girls that you would be proud to bring home to . . .

- Here is our first issue of **JADE**. We have done our best to make it **the ultimate in magazine entertainment**. The rest is up to you . . . our readers. If you enjoy this issue, let us know. If you don't, let us know. We await your decision.





**EVIL
EVIL
EVIL!**



EVIL

EVIL

EVIL!

A Tongue-In-Shriek Tale Of Terror

Little did Dr. L. Quagmire realize what he was creating when he began his work ("in the interest of science"), experimenting with the brain of a three-toed giant sloth.

"The brain of a three-toed sloth," he told me one evening (I was his assistant), "must be inverted. The sloth, you see, perceives the world upside-down—or perhaps I should say rightside-up, depending upon whether you are a sloth or not. Nevertheless, relative to the human being the sloth perceives the world inverted."

"Hmmmmmm," I nodded.

"Well," he continued, "if we were to transpose the brain of a sloth into the head of a human being, think what new worlds might be perceived. It is my theory that there is a great deal to be seen in an inverted world, things that man has never dreamed of. The sea would become the sky, the sky the sea; things coming at you would go away from you; earth would be heaven; life would be death; . . ."

"But what human being?" I interrupted, realizing he was getting carried

away with himself. "What human being would consent to be sloth-brained?"

The doctor paused for a moment, slowly twiddling his opposable thumbs. "Why, Madeline Thaof, naturally," he said.

It was outrageous! Madeline Thaof was in love with Dr. Quagmire, of course, and she often said she would do anything for him. But could she do this?

She had met him in Paris just before the war, where she was cashier and apprentice in a lower-class bawdy house. Quagmire never got beyond the cash register that night. "*I saw a beautiful girl with soft, appealing eyes,*" he once confided. "*I knew she did not belong.*"

So he brought her home and cared for her, and she fell in love with him. "I love you, L," she once said, to which he had answered, "Don't be silly." She went to her room and cried.

Now Dr. Quagmire wanted to give her a sloth brain!

"But you can't do that," I protested. "It's evil."

"Superstitious dolt," he returned. "Think of science!"

I shook my head in despair. "Evil, *evil*, EVIL," I mumbled.

* * *

Execution of the experiment was a long and tedious business. On March 27th we left by private airplane for the jungles of Madagascar, taking Madeline with us. Dr. Quagmire had decided not to tell Madeline of her role, realizing, of course, that she was not intelligent enough to understand.

When we landed we inquired among the natives concerning the whereabouts of three-toed sloths, how they can be captured, and if we could secure a guide. The natives, unfortunately, did not speak English and we had to remain there two weeks until they learned our language. At last Dr. Quagmire communicated with one of the inhabitants.

"Say, Ted," he began.

"Yes, oh worthy doctor?"

"Do you know where and how we could secure a sloth?"

(Continued on Next Page)

by Lawrence Sheldon

illustrator/hank chisolm

"Slo—slo—sloth?????????"

"Sloth, S-L-O-T-H."

"Hmmm. Sloth. I see. Yes, follow me."

So we packed our bags and rifles and followed Ted.

Soon the foliage grew thicker, the paths seemed less worn, and then, suddenly, the daylight we had known was almost entirely eclipsed by trees. The pungent odor of swamp invaded our nostrils; the thick brush slapped against our bodies; and then the path was no more. *This was jungle territory we were in.*

* * *

We walked for hours and hours and said nothing. Only Madeline occasionally whimpered, "*Say, where are we going?*"

—But no one would answer.

We walked on in spite of the damp jungle heat. Finally, at six p.m. by my watch, we found a clearing and sat down for dinner. Ted prepared some native jungle dish which he called "bwanana." We began a hearty meal.

Then, suddenly, we saw our sloth! He was hanging in his inverted position from a tree not some thirty yards from us. Quickly I seized my rifle and brought it to my shoulder.

"NO!" Dr. Quagmire screamed. "Wait! Don't shoot! We must capture him ALIVE! We must preserve his living brain!" He turned to Ted. "Can you do it?" he asked.

"Can? You? Do? It?" said Ted.

"Can-you-do-it?" Quagmire repeated.

"Canyoudoit?" said Ted.

"Yes," said Quagmire. "That's it. Can-you-do-it?"

The native looked at the ground and thought awhile. "Yes," he said succinctly. He laid down his bwanana and walked to a tree beside the hanging sloth.

"ATTABOY," shouted Quagmire encouragingly.

"*What is this?*" Madeline inquired; "*huh?*"

—But no one answered.

Then the native clasped his large hands around the trunk of the neighboring tree and, agile as a ringtail

monkey, pressed his bare feet into the bark and scampered to a branch level with the one from which hung our sloth.

"GO GET 'IM, BOY!" shouted Quagmire. —He was becoming excited.

"*Who are we?*" Madeline asked, mostly to herself.

In a few moments our native guide had wrapped his legs around the branch and hung upside-down. He looked at the sloth. The sloth looked at him . . . studying, scrutinizing. Ted just hung there in the same inverted position as the sloth. Then, slowly but confidently, the sloth began to move. He began with one of his toes. Ted was upside-down, or rightside-up to the sloth, and the sloth evidently thought it was he himself who was in the wrong position. Or perhaps it was instinctive. Nevertheless, the sloth began to turn around.

Ted hung there for three weeks while the sloth reversed his position so that Ted would be upside-down or rightside-up. On the first day of the fourth week he managed to completely invert his former position. But now there was no branch for the beast to hang onto. He plummeted to the earth.

"OH BOY," shrieked the doctor. "GET 'IM!"

At that our native guide fell down from his tree, took some hemp from our sacks, ran to the fallen sloth, bound him hand and foot, and straddled him victoriously.

"EXCELLENT," pronounced Quagmire.

We put the animal into a large bur-lap sack and the three of us together carried him on our heads back through the perilous jungle. It was a long, heavy walk. Madeline was confused. "*What is life?*" she murmured. "*Who?*"

The next day we packed the sloth into the airplane along with Madeline who was asking incoherent questions. And later, in private, I gave my silver watch-band to Ted as a gift. "Bloughe," he said appreciatively in his native tongue.

April 14th we left for home.

* * *

In order to secure maximum privacy

for the experiment, Dr. Quagmire purchased a large suburban home in Oklahoma. There he set up his laboratory and began work.

"I don't like this," I told him emphatically. "It is *evil*."

He laughed. "IDIOT," he called me.

Extracting the sloth's brain alive was not an easy matter. It required opening the beast's head, connecting electrical apparatus to the cerebrum, injecting artificial red corpuscles into the neck, and brisk application of sodium-acetyl-salicylate with a touch of garlic.

"*How come we're living in Oklahoma?*" Madeline asked one day. "*Aeeeeeh!*"

In mid-summer, while the sloth peacefully slept, we at last removed the brain.

"THERE!" grunted Dr. Quagmire with a breath of finality. "NOW TO PUT THIS LIVING ORGAN INTO MADELINE'S HEAD." He turned to the outer room where Madeline lay prostrate on the floor, babbling. "OH, MADELINE," called, "MADDIE."

She looked up. "*Where is this?*" she said. "*Howcome what? Who? Here there? Blaggedysiberg. b.*"

"She's upset," the doctor remarked. "Come, let us carry her." We carried her into the laboratory and put her down carefully on the operating table.

"*Dim the lights,*" said the doctor.

I dimmed the lights.

"*Open the back window,*" he said. I did.

"*Anaesthetic.*"

"Anaesthetic," I said.

"*Scalpel.*"

"*Scalpel.*"

"*Forceps.*"

"*Forceps.*"

"*Sponge.*"

"*Sponge.*"

"*Sutures.*"

"*Scissors.*"

"*Ow!*"

"*Sorry.*"

"*Watch that.*"

"*Okay.*"

Working over a small infra-red light, Dr. Quagmire deftly opened Madeline's head. What followed was the re-

(Continued on Page 16)

*Here Is Pat Cory . . .
An Uninhibited Beauty
With An Unrestrained Body!*

PORTRAIT OF PAT



"What? ME be a model?"

This was Pat Cory's first reaction to the question from JADE'S carefree cameraman. Petite Pat considered herself just an average girl with an average figure. And she smiled happily at the thought of being MORE than just average—being a *model*!

She looked at our cameraman with deep brown eyes, a perky smile playing across her lips. "Do you really think I'd make a good model?" she asked shyly, mischief gleaming in her eyes.

Our cameraman matched her deep stare. "Well," he said professionally, his cool blue eyes wandering critically up and down her curvy little form. "There's only one way to find out!" And he *popped* the lens cap off his camera and set up his strobe unit.

Pat's eyes sparkled as she coyly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing a wonderfully rounded bosom, unrestrained by any bra. "What do I do now?" she asked, leaning back against the couch in her apartment and watching our cameraman peek through his viewfinder.

"Just look sexy," our cameraman replied. And Pat arched her back and thrust out her chest.

"Now smile," said our cameraman. And Pat grinned like a cheshire cat.



photographer/bill new



*JADE'S Carefree
Cameraman Catches
The Ever-Changing
Personality Of
This Perky Young Cutie!*

"Fine. Fine," mumbled our cameraman as he wandered around the room, checking angles. "You're getting into the mood now. Just forget I'm here . . . do anything that comes into your mind. I'll click whenever I see something good." He looked up at her for a second, noting the eager expression on her face. Then he nonchalantly re-adjusted his focus and bent down again to watch her through the viewfinder. "Okay, GO!" he said.

"GO? Go?" questioned Pat. "What means this *go*?" Then,



seeing that she was getting no reaction from JADE'S cameraman, she shrugged her slender shoulders, winked in the direction of the lens, and took off the rest of her clothes.

"Fine. FINE!" said our cameraman, clicking madly. Nice shape, Pat. Nice fanny. Nice. Keep moving."

"Move, shmove," cracked Pat, and she playfully stuck out her tongue at the lens. "The man says *move*; so I *move*."

Up she bounced off the couch, grabbed a neckerchief, put it sarong fashion around her loins, and pranced around the apartment. "How's this?" she cried, throwing up her arms and standing pixie-ish against an archway.

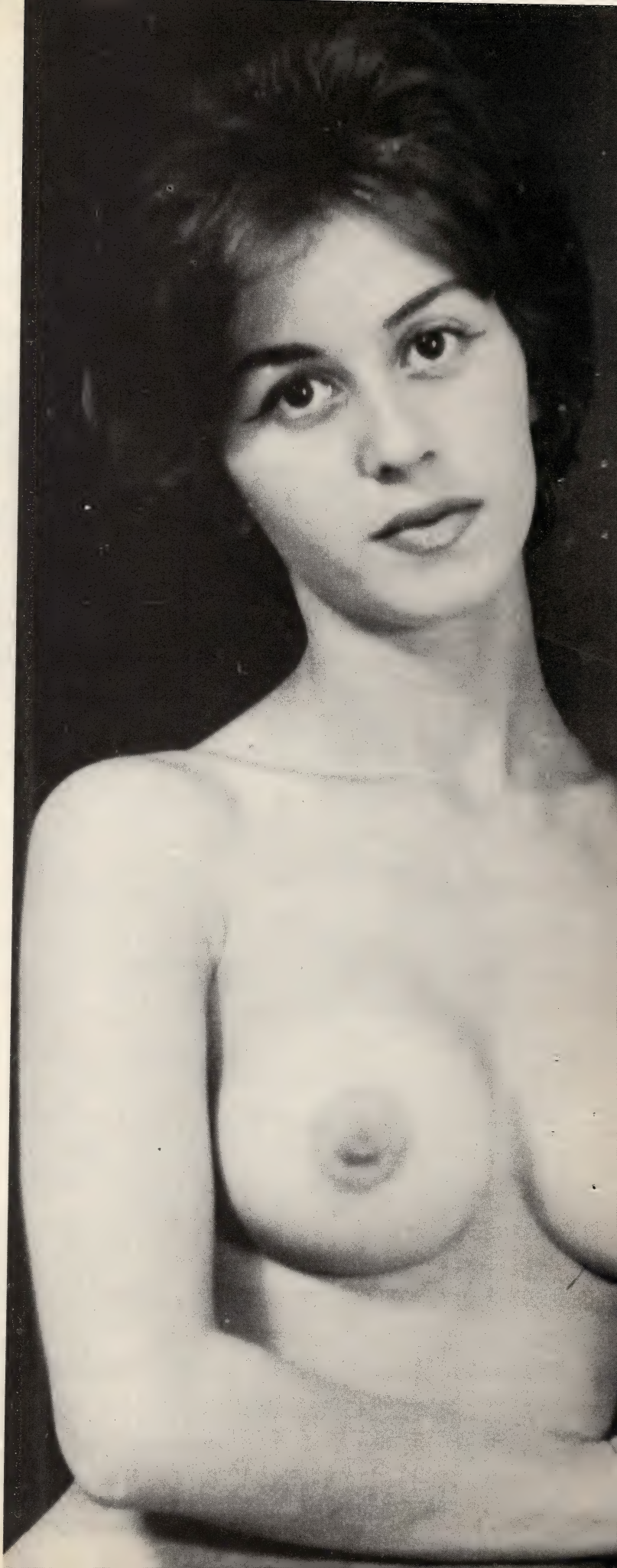
"That's IT, said our cameraman. "That's the finishing shot I needed. That shot shows the *you* I want to capture; the mischievous, pixie-ish *you*." And he got ready to put his equipment away.

"You mean that's all?" Pat moaned, standing mournfully against the wall, her cute, full lips forming a pout.

"WAIT! HOLD IT!" our cameraman cried; "HOLD THAT POSE. It's *great*! it's *pensive*! it's a *new you*!" He frantically peeked into his viewfinder and clicked. "THERE!" he cried. "That's the perfect ending for this photo story! The *pensive* side of Pat!"



*The Bubbling Enthusiasm
Of Youth Is Reflected
In The Happy Eyes
Of This Mischievous Miss*





THE DEATH OF



BURLESQUE

BURLESQUE is dying. And veteran top bananas like Harry Clexx sadly preside over the lingering, aching prelude to *the end*. What has killed this once-upon-a-time wonderful medium of entertainment? A medium that brought us such stars as Abbott and Costello, Bert Lahr, Phil Silvers, Lenny Bruce, Joey Bishop, and





A last lingering look at this nostalgic medium of entertainment

so many others? Television? Movies? "No," said Harry Clexx; "none of these. BURLESQUE was killed by the theatre owners when they began putting the emphasis on strippers instead of the comics." And to prove his point, he motioned toward the front marquee of the NEW FOLLIES BURLESQUE THEATRE where he works. There, displayed in huge, bold letters for all to see, is the announcement: DARING GIRLS ON STAGE . . . TERI TAYLOR—THE 50" BUST GIRL.

"That's what did it," Clexx shrugged. "They took the FUN out of the medium and cheapened it for the sake of a few fast bucks." He shrugged again, as if to say *what can you do?* And he started to put on his make-up for the afternoon performance.

Today only a handful of burlesque theatres are open throughout the country. None of them features a chorus line anymore. None of them can afford to. Only a few bored solo strippers perform these days, along with veteran comics like Clexx, Eddie Innis, and Johnny Maloney, who appeared on the same bill at the NEW FOLLIES.

It seems like only yesterday that BURLESQUE was a happy medium. Phoney, yes, but phoney in a FUN way, like a circus sideshow or television wrestling. You went to be amused by the hawkers who suggested that in every box of caramels there was a valuable prize . . . by the inane chorus numbers performed by oftentimes ugly, knock-kneed ladies. And while you were amused by these corny features, you were also fascinated by the featured stripper (if she was any good);



by the color and excitement of the pink lights, brassy band, and the thrill of LIVE entertainment.

And there were the comics. Hold-overs from Mack Sennett movies, from vaudeville and tab shows. Fellows with sloppy clothes, clown make-up, and bawdy routines; working against old-fashioned, nostalgic painted backdrops. With stupid, gum-chewing strippers as their foils.

The whole thing added up to a magic spell of FUN and that intangible thrill of LIVE entertainment that comes when you are just a few feet from the footlights.

But now the FUN is gone. The chorus lines are gone. The hawkers are gone. The sloppy clothes are gone. The clown make-up is gone. The painted backdrops are all but gone. And BURLESQUE is going . . . going . . . gone.

Can it be saved? Probably not. Is it worth saving? Maybe. If you like slapstick comedy. If you like to laugh at humor that's racy—in an inoffensive way. If you like a circus or carnival atmosphere. If you like an unsophisticated but entertaining evening of beauty and belly-laugh.

Television has reached its peak. It has become second rate, endlessly repetitious entertainment, offering the most hacked-out film programs imaginable (with a few noteworthy exceptions); plus some pseudo-intellectual talk shows, over-dramatic news broadcasts, and COMMERCIALS of every type of poor taste.

It is up to the American public. Either they have become so brain-washed by now that they are unable to gather the energy necessary to get up off the couch and turn off the "tube"; or they have decided that television is the best possible entertainment. If either of these theories is correct, then BURLESQUE is dead. But . . . if there is any unrest left in

the American public, any desire to see something a little *different*, a little more exciting (nostalgic, perhaps) than the fare they are fed on their TV and movie screens, then maybe . . . just MAYBE . . . burlesque will not die. But like so many other cycles will have a revival of popularity and will again offer a colorful evening of pink lights, brassy bands, chorus lines, hawkers, strippers, and most important, COMICS in funny clothes, clown make-up, with painted backdrops. Comics with laughter on their lips and smiles in their eyes, because they can be FUNNY again, with a full house just beyond the pink lights that has come to see them and *laugh!* A crowd that doesn't yell: BRING ON THE GIRLS! No. A crowd that, if any yelling is to be done, will blare forth: BRING ON THE COMICS!

EVIL, EVIL, EVIL

(Continued from Page 6)

sult of many years' experience—a precise, quick, confident operation. The doctor poured liquids from bottles to test-tubes to body areas, crossed and re-crossed wires which had hitherto hung loosely about the heads of his subjects, manipulated the transposition of the brains with swift but cautious alacrity, turned dials, pressed buttons, worked feverishly within both skulls, then called softly, "*This is it.*"

I pulled my assigned lever.

SUDDENLY THE LABORATORY ROCKED WITH GIANT, HURTLING BLASTS OF LIGHTNING! Then the room fell heavy and tense with the crackling threat of static electricity. THEN LIGHTNING AWOKE AGAIN, CRASHING FURIOUSLY AT MADELINE'S CRANIUM, BOMBARDING HER SLEEPING HEAD, RESOUNDING, REVERBERATING. We rushed to safety in a corner of the room.

OTHER LIGHTS, RED, GREEN, ORANGE, LAVENDER, BLUE, DILLYDILLY, FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES AND GREAT, TREMULOUS SOUNDS ERUPTED AND RE-ERUPTED. At last the tumult subsided and was over. Quagmire turned on the lights. "Madeline and the sloth will be sleeping until tomorrow morning," he said smiling. Then, filling his pipe, added, "Nothing we can do until then."

"*Evil Man,*" I mumbled; but he did not hear me.

* * *

That morning broke clear and refreshing. Dr. Quagmire awoke me early so that we would be certain to see the immediate results of his history-making operation. We washed and dressed and went into the kitchen for toast and coffee before beginning the day.

"They should be arising soon," Quagmire said casually.

We sat down and began drinking our coffee when, out of the morning quiet, we heard loud thuds from the floor of the room between the kitchen and the laboratory. *Into the kitchen walked the sloth!*

He did not speak, but poured him-

self some coffee and sat down with us, drinking.

"Nice day," offered Quagmire, a little uncertain.

The sloth did not answer.

"Toast?" said Quagmire.

No answer.

Presently the doctor turned to me. "Better go into the laboratory and see about Madeline," he said. "I'll have to stay here and humor the sloth. This is not exactly what I expected."

I proceeded into the laboratory, arriving just in time to note Madeline stretch and yawn and open her eyes. She blinked, and then looked again, very hard. Then she twisted her neck so that her head hung upside-down, her hair falling down toward the floor. She seemed very pleased in this awkward position. For a while we just stood there looking at each other, I standing erect, and she with her head slung upside-down in front of her shoulder.

She smiled.

"Good morning," said cautiously.

"Gninrom doog," she said.

"Huh?" I said.

"Koonhs gninrom doog dias I."

"What the dev . . ." I started. I was dumbfounded. Suddenly Quagmire burst into the laboratory.

"The sloth got away!" he shouted. "The sloth escaped!!" He flailed his arms and looked at me desperately.

"Huh?" I asked.

"He got away! We were sitting at the table drinking coffee, when without warning he hurled his coffee-cup across the room, turned the table over on the floor, stamped on it, screamed, ran around the room five times, then broke through the window and disappeared over the hill."

"Toward town?" I asked.

"Toward town!"

I envisaged a sloth gone mad, trampling up a town, slaughtering people.

"There is nothing we can do," Quagmire went on, his panic subsiding. "The sloth is stronger than the both of us. There is nothing to do but wait. How is Madeline?"

"Enif," she said loudly.

"What?"

"That's how she talks," I told him. Madeline walked slowly about, now looking at us through her legs.

"Amazing," he mused. "But perhaps if we pursued this experiment further . . ." He turned to Madeline. "What do you feel?" he asked. "Is the sky the sea? Am I coming at you or going away? What is life? Death?"

She raised (lowered) her eyebrows and looked at us quizzically. "Xawseeb maddog rouy fo enon," she muttered.

Just then the door of the laboratory burst open again. At its threshold an enraged band of townspeople were trying furiously, futilely to hold onto a rampaging sloth! The sloth was pulling them through the door.

"GET HOLDA THAT LEG!" shouted one.

"DAMN THING'S DRAGGIN' ME."

"HE'S STEPPIN' ON MY — UGH!"

"WHOA!"

"I GOT THE BUGGER!"

"What is this?" demanded Quagmire, looking indignant and standing back. "What are you imbeciles doing? My sloth!"

"This yer critter, mister?"

"Yes! What do you think you're all doing? Get out of my laboratory! We are in the process of a magnificent experiment which may bring new vistas to mankind!"

But the townspeople, shouting, grunting, crying, hung on. Madeline was now standing on her head, propped against the wall.

"This here critter's a-wreckin' half the town a Freedman's Crik," cried one wrestling citizen.

"Tried t'ketch 'im. Drug US back here," echoed another.

"Tore into my store!"

"Ripped up pavement!"

"Plumb knocked over five trees!"

"Smashed Lem Bardicky's autymobile!"

"Thees beast eez dangerous!"

"Ah ah," Madeline laughed from the wall.

Then, exhausted from speaking, the townspeople lost their grips and the sloth broke loose, bolting toward the laboratory table! He could not be stopped. He collided into the table, screaming shrilly; smashed the table and test-tubes and instruments into meaningless debris; tore vehemently

(Continued on Page 75)

HEY LOOK!



A Face of Beauty



Raven locks softly caressing a smooth forehead.

Ripe red lips, limpid brown eyes.

The fragrant perfume of Woman.

And the graceful body that is supremely feminine.

Patricia Kane is all these things. And more.

... and her name
is Patricia Kane!







*She is the mystery and excitement, the
warmth and tenderness, that is Beauty.*



There is a feline quality about this lovely young creature, a subtlety of seduction that is both magnetic and bewildering. Because lurking behind those brown eyes is the promise of smoldering invitation. And yet the face of Beauty is innocent ... naive. Almost child-like.

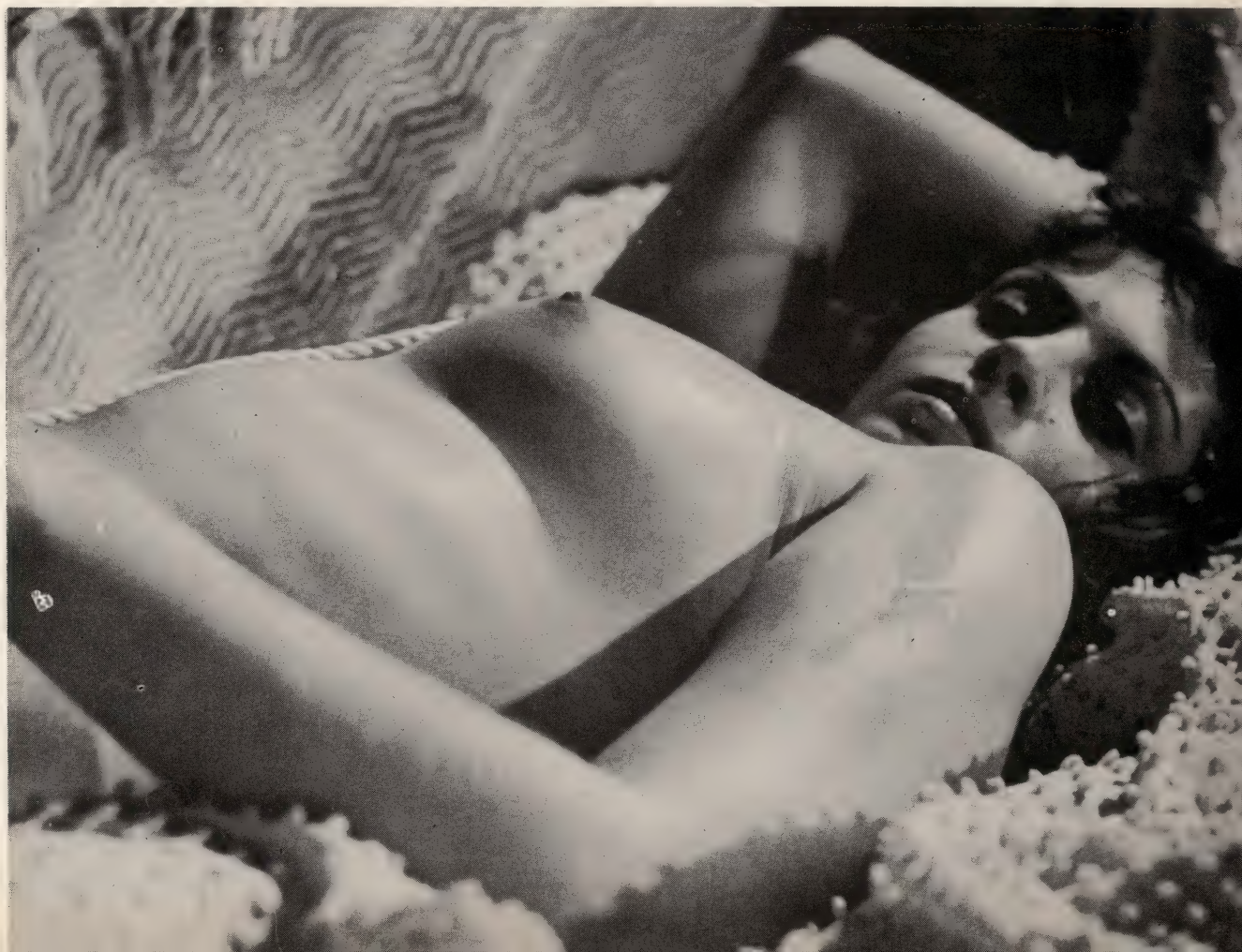
Patricia Kane is twenty-one; and yet she is ageless.

She is 5'6" and measures 38-24-36; and yet she is formless.

Like the shimmering vision of a dream, she cannot be defined as any one shape, age, or type. She is a vision, the illusive vision of Beauty. And so shall she remain.

Until some lucky man can capture that vision named Patricia and make his private dream a lifetime reality!





by Patrick Keating

DETROIT'S 1962 COMPACT CARS

Looking For An Economy Car This Year?

Here's A Hard-Hitting Report On The
New Compacts — With No Holds Barred!

How would you like to choose the "best" of 400 automobiles, all basically different? Well, we've got news—that's just the problem you face if you plan to buy a 1962 car. Counting the principal variations in size, make, body type, trim and powerplant, Detroit is now producing 400 designs!

A completely new group of autos is appearing this year. Five of the lowest-priced makes are announcing bigger small cars to fill the gap between compact and full-size. Not to be outdone, several of the established compacts are adding deluxe body styles and new engineering features.

Bigger small cars—or smaller big cars, if you prefer—have been introduced by Chevrolet, Ford, Plymouth and Dodge. And one is coming from Mercury before the first of the year. These are in addition to the compacts the five makes already produced. Chevrolet still has the **Corvair**, Ford the **Falcon**, Mercury the **Comet**, Plymouth the **Valiant** and Dodge the **Lancer**.

In fact, most of the regular compact lines have been expanded beyond normal sedans, coupes and wagons to include new, fancier de-

signs. Luxury wagons, for example, are featured by **Corvair** and **Falcon**, while sports coupes are now offered by **Valiant** and **Lancer**. New convertibles are strong points for three other small autos, the Buick **Special**, Oldsmobile **F-85** and Pontiac **Tempest**.

Buick's and Oldsmobile's compacts also contain news for those with a technical turn of mind. Buick is offering the **Special** with a new V-6 powerplant (that's right; we said V-6!) and Oldsmobile has an optional version of the F-85 engine with a turbo-supercharger, similar to the type used on many aircraft during World War II.

Other engineering innovations are designed to reduce costs—for the factories, not you. As a case in point, many of the 1962 compacts are fitted with two-ply tires instead of four-ply. You'll be hearing all year long that two layers of cord in tires provide lighter weight and cooler running than four. **The simple fact is that two-ply tires are cheaper!**

Most of these developments, bigger small cars, fancier compacts, unique engines, are part of Detroit's continuing effort to find

out what you, the buyer, really want. The small change the factories pocket by using cheaper tires doesn't compare with what they'd save if they could concentrate on a single size or type of automobile.

Chevrolet and Ford each used to have one basic car. Today, each has four. They spent huge sums of money to field broad lines because they simply don't know what kind of auto will be the popular favorite this year or next. And they won't know until you make the choice.

That's why you have such a wide selection at the moment. That's why, if you add all the new smaller cars to the normal, full-size variety, you can find 400 combinations of make, body and so forth. The industry's executives are watching to see which of the 400 you'll buy. When your choice is clear, they'll turn that one out by the hundreds of thousands and forget the other 399.

How did all this happen? The motoring industry got along for half a century without worrying about compacts, plain or fancy. How did it get out of touch with what the public wants?



TEN-YEAR-OLD COMPACTS

To begin with, compacts aren't new but the demand for them is. That's what has Detroit so confused.

A little car, the **Crosley**, had appeared in the immediate post-war years, but it was very cheaply finished and was much smaller than anything we now describe as a compact. Then, ten years ago, there were four small cars coming out of American factories. They were all similar to today's compacts, but, unfortunately, the public wasn't interested. Flashy medium-priced cars were the vogue, not small, economical ones. Even makes like Chevrolet and Ford were doing their best business

with fancy, deluxe models.

Three of the four miniatures, the **Henry J**, **Willys Aero** and **Hudson Jet**, sold so poorly that their makers were driven to the verge of bankruptcy. The **Henry J**'s manufacturer, **Kaiser**, merged with **Willys** and abandoned the passenger car field to build Jeeps. **Hudson** was eventually swallowed by one of its rivals, **Nash**. These financial disasters convinced the rest of the industry that there was no future in "little" cars.

But the fourth of these proto-compacts survived and became, in the industry's eyes, "the exception that proves the rule." In time, it was to rewrite the rules! A product of the company that would

devour **Hudson**, that fourth car was the **Nash Rambler**.

In retrospect, it's easy to see some of the reasons the **Rambler** outlasted the others, but none of them were apparent at the time. If they had been, **Kaiser**, **Willys** and **Hudson** might still be with us!

The **Henry J** was a cheap car in every respect. The **Willys** and **Hudson**, on the other hand, cost almost as much as a **Chevrolet** or **Ford** of the same year. The **Rambler** managed to find middle ground—it cost less than a big car without being cheap in any derogatory sense.

Still, price wasn't the only secret. The other three makes were presented as basic trans-



First of the current compacts, Rambler's little American has sound engineering features that date back more than 10 years. It is 173 inches long, has engines of 90 and 125 horsepower.



Plymouth builds the 184-inch-long Valiant, a car with superb roadability for its relatively small size. It is available with choice of 101- and 145-horsepower, six-cylinder engines.

portation for the one-car owner and came in sedan form only. The **Rambler**, however, was pitched as a deluxe second car and appeared in nothing but sporty styles, convertible, hardtop and wagon.

Few people cared about basic transportation a decade ago. A market simply didn't exist for what Kaiser, Willys and Hudson had to offer.

The **Rambler** had snappier appeal, especially for those who wanted an attractive, inexpensive second car. Since the first choice of such buyers was usually a big sedan, a small convertible or hardtop was the ideal addition. And the wagon pleased those who wanted a compact with a big car's cargo space.

By the mid-1950's, the **Rambler** was a familiar part of the motor-ing scene. Nash had taken over Hudson to form American Motors; the line now included two- and four-door sedans; and the only competition in the small car field was a handful of foreign economy makes being sold in coastal cities.

Other manufacturers continued to ignore the little upstart. They built flashier, higher-powered cars every year and hardly knew what compacts were. In 1955, they hit the jackpot, selling more automobiles in a single year than ever before. "Who needs small cars?" they'd respond indignantly, if anybody dared to raise the subject.

Increased sales were noted for

Rambler in 1955, too, as well as for a funny little German car called the **Volkswagen**.

The following year, 1956, American Motors introduced an all-new **Rambler**. Though bigger than its predecessor, its exterior size was still much smaller than average. Yet seating space was actually greater than that of many full-size cars. It would accommodate six comfortably, while the earlier model was crowded with five. Though it was available only as a four-door sedan and wagon, it was quickly a success.

The original **Rambler** was dropped as the assembly lines began to produce the new car. A year or two later, however, there was an astonishing development.

American Motors had kept up market research to guide its future plans. These studies revealed a growing demand for a car the size of the first **Rambler**! The company made an unprecedented decision to put the earlier design back into production. The factory engineers needed a prototype to make minor design changes and to set up the tooling, so they bought one at a used car lot!

Both **Ramblers** are still being built. The smaller version that dominated the compact field in the early 1950's evolved into the current **Rambler American**, while the larger design introduced six years ago is now called the **Classic** when equipped with a six-cylinder engine and the **Ambassador** with a V-8.

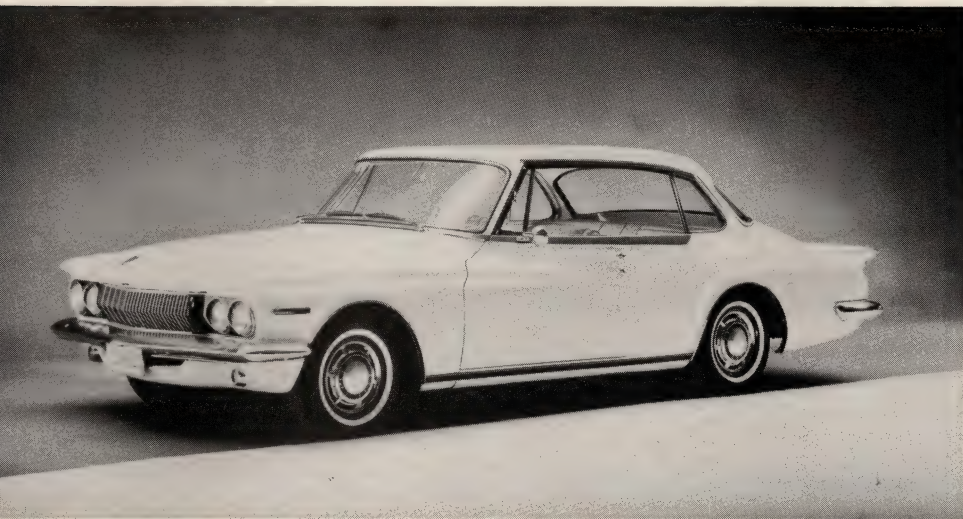
DETROIT AWAKENS

Meanwhile, foreign cars were setting new sales records. **Volkswagen** sales were literally doubling every year as more and more buyers discovered the economy and durability of the little German car. Others, like the British **Austin**, **Hillman** and **Morris**, the French **Renault** and **Simca** and the Italian **Fiat** were adding an international flavor to auto rows throughout the country.

And in Detroit executives were haunted. They couldn't forget the



New sports series for the 184-inch-long Lark is the Daytona, offered as a hardtop or convertible. Horsepower is 112 with a six-cylinder engine; 180, 195 or 210 with optional eights.



The Dodge Lancer is based on the Plymouth Valiant design but is stretched to 188.8 inches. Horsepower choices, 101 or 145, the same as Valiant's. Shown is new GT sports coupe.

failure of Kaiser, Willys and Hudson, yet they couldn't explain away the success of **Rambler** and the imports.

General Motors and Ford were in a fortunate position to explore the market. Both had factories in England and Germany producing small cars for European consumption. It was a simple matter to import these and see how well they sold. Even if they showed the demand was too slight to justify building compacts in this country, they would at least cash in on the craze for foreign cars. Chrysler allied itself with the French **Simca** for the same purpose.

These experiments had begun to prove the demand was very real when faté added a coup de grace:

the business recession of 1958. The giants of the industry couldn't give cars away that season. The public ignored the whole fleet of big flashy cars.

But not everybody suffered. **Rambler** leaped to new highs in sales, and the imports, paced by **Volkswagen**, grabbed a full 10 percent of the market.

That convinced the skeptics. Somebody obviously did like smaller cars after all.

Designs for compacts that had been casual experiments at various factories suddenly became major projects. General Motors, Ford and Chrysler all set target dates of 1960 to have smaller cars in the showroom.

However, a little company in

South Bend, Indiana, beat them to it. Studebaker-Packard had been watching the trend closely and, in early 1958, began a crash program to put a compact on the market for the 1959 season.

Earlier Studebakers hadn't been very large cars. Many of their major components, including engines and even body parts, were adaptable to the smaller design. As a result, the factory saved much of the time and money usually spent to develop a new car.

Studebaker called its new baby the **Lark**. It was shorter than the smaller **Rambler**, yet it had almost as much interior space as the bigger American Motors product. Like the bigger **Rambler**, the **Lark** appeared with a choice of six- or eight-cylinder engines.

A year later, the flood really began. Chevrolet created a sensation with its extremely low **Corvair**, which featured an air-cooled, aluminum engine mounted in the rear. Ford's little **Falcon** was more conventional but achieved simplicity and low weight with techniques borrowed from the company's British and German products. Plymouth showed the heaviest and most powerful of the three, the **Valiant**, which had engineering beautifully scaled down from the bigger Chrysler products.

The **Corvair**, **Falcon**, and **Valiant** all featured economical, six-cylinder engines. Of this trio of compacts, the **Falcon** was the most immediately successful in sales. People were apparently afraid of the **Corvair's** radical engineering, and the **Valiant** showed inferior assembly quality.

A little later in the season, there were two other significant developments. Ford lent the **Falcon** design to Mercury, which stretched it out, added new trim and jazzy tail fins and called it the **Comet**. And Chevrolet introduced the **Monza** version of the **Corvair**, a deluxe sports coupe.

Both of these were immediate successes, proving, as **Rambler** had years before, that the public liked elegance even in its smallest cars.

The following season, 1961, saw another wave. Buick introduced the **Special**, Oldsmobile the **F-85** and Pontiac the **Tempest**. However, these represented a different approach than the compacts so far announced. They were simply scaled-down big cars, with Buick and Oldsmobile even providing miniature V-8 engines; while the **Tempest** appeared with a four-cylinder unit as standard equipment, and a V-8 as optional. They were all about the same length as the bigger **Rambler** but didn't begin to have passenger compartments as large. **In trying to retain big car proportions, they were too low for comfort.**

Another 1961 debutante came from Dodge. Just as Mercury formed the **Falcon** into the **Comet**, Dodge borrowed the **Valiant** from Plymouth, changed the appearance slightly and called it the **Lancer**.

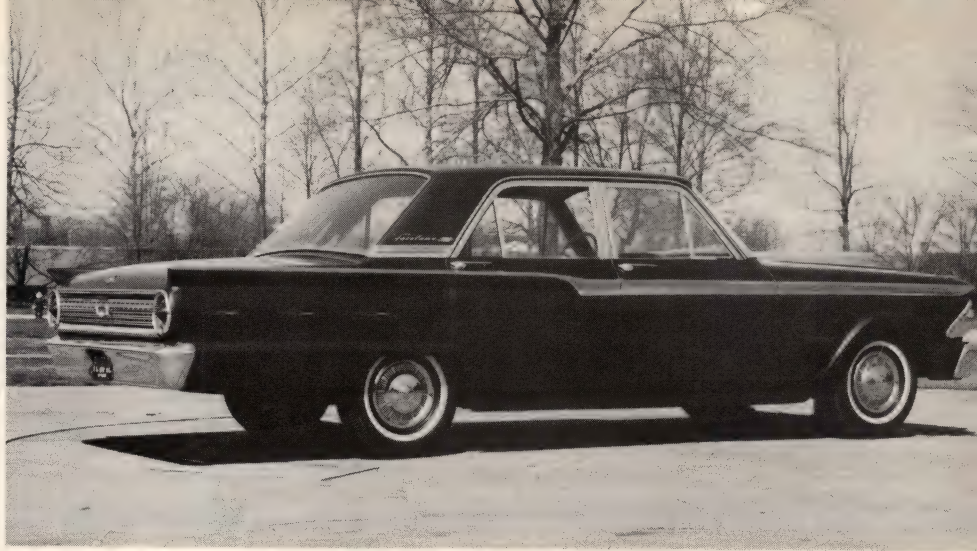
THE 1962 OUTLOOK

That gives us 11 cars in the compact field as of 1961. This season, five of them have still newer entries! These are all larger than the first round of smaller cars and approach the concept of the larger **Rambler**.

Chevrolet's latest is the **Chevy II**, the first vehicle the factory has officially christened a "Chevy." It supplements the smaller **Corvair** and the full-size line of Biscayne, Bel Air and Impala.

Smallest of the all-new 1962 models, the **Chevy II** measures 183 inches bumper to bumper, only three inches more than a **Corvair**. However, it is higher and wider to provide greater interior space. Two powerplants are offered for the car, a 90-horsepower four-cylinder and a 120-horsepower six; and a full line of body types is available, including wagon, hardtop and convertible, as well as two- and four-door sedans.

The rear springing of the **Chevy II** is unique. Instead of a stack of thin leaf springs of the type used on most cars, there is just one spring at each side. **This is simply**



A Ford look is preserved in the all-new Fairlane, a 197-inch-long design that resembles the 1952 Ford in size. 101 horses with a six-cylinder engine or 143 with a V-8 are alternatives.

one of those innovations that cost less to manufacture, however.

The car appears to be a new competitor for the **Falcon**, more than anything else. Except for the fancy **Monza** series, the **Corvair** has never sold well against the Ford compact. Apparently, Chevrolet is making a new stab at the small car field with the **Chevy II**.

The new Ford design is called the **Fairlane** and replaces a bigger car of the same name offered last year. The **Falcon** still holds the bottom of the line but only one Ford series, the **Galaxie**, is left in the full-size field.

Dimensionally, the **Fairlane** is quite close to the 1952 Ford. Its overall length is 197 inches, **just eight-tenths of an inch less than the standard model of 10 years ago.** By way of comparison, the current **Falcon** measures 181.1 in.

There are two **Fairlane** engines: a 101-horsepower six borrowed from the **Falcon**, and an all-new, 143-horsepower V-8. The latter is another reminder of the past—it **is exactly the same size as the original Ford V-8 introduced in 1932!**

Emphasizing simplicity and light weight, the **Fairlane** **should be the most economical** of this year's newcomers, though **at the expense of performance.** It is available as a two- or four-door sedan only, but a wagon may be added before the year is out.

The smaller Mercury, designated the **Meteor** and slated for announcement this November or December, is virtually the same car as the **Fairlane**. However, just as the **Comet** is a longer, plusher and costlier version of the **Falcon**, the **Meteor** will probably be bigger and more expensive than the Ford design, **even if it is the same car underneath!**

The **Meteor** will have Mercury's "Cushion Link" springing, a distinct advantage for a relatively small, light car. This is a system that allows the wheels to move to the rear, as well as up, when they strike a bump in the road. **The result is a much smoother ride over rough surfaces.**

Chevrolet and Ford have approached the new idea in size differently: The **Chevy II** is an **addition** to the line, not a **substitute** for any series offered last year. The **Fairlane**, on the other hand, **replaces** a larger vehicle of the same name.

Turning to Chrysler Corporation's two lowest-priced makes, Plymouth and Dodge, we find a third approach. Both have smaller designs for 1962 but **both have scrapped last year's big car lines.** Their latest models don't replace one series — **they replace all of them!**

The 1962 **Plymouth** is 202 inches long, only a foot and a half more

than its companion compact, the **Valiant**.

Unlike the **Chevy II** and **Fairlane**, the new **Plymouth** is not a light car. It is more than 600 pounds heavier than the smaller Chevrolet and Ford in comparable body types and is available with up to 305 horsepower. **It should be the outstanding road car of the group.** For years, **Plymouth** has been noted for exceptional stability at highway speeds, and the 1962 model, despite its smaller size, should continue the tradition.

The smallest **Plymouth** engine, a 145-horsepower six, has as much power as the **Fairlane V-8**. And **Plymouth V-8's** come in ratings of 230, 260 and 305 horsepower. In other words, don't race the engine of your **Chevy II** or **Fairlane** to tempt that fellow in the new **Plymouth** to drag race at a traffic light. **You'll be left in the dust!**

Since this is **Plymouth's** major offering for the coming season, it is available in a full line of body types.

Many people thought the first **Dodge Dart**, introduced two years ago, was another compact. Actually, it was just a big **Plymouth** with **Dodge** styling features! Mechanically and structurally, the two makes were **identical**. This year, though, the **Dart** has become more truly a compact. It continues to share its basic components with **Plymouth** and has a similar reduction in size for 1962. **Only the sheet metal is changed to provide a separate identity!** The **Dart** measures the same 202 inches in length as the **Plymouth** and offers the same choice of engines, from a 145-horsepower six to a 305-horsepower V-8. And, like **Plymouth**, it is a great road car.

SPORTY COMPACTS

There is an additional **Dodge** series, however, the **Polara**. It consists of bucket-seated versions of the convertible and hardtop and comes only with the 305-horsepower engine.

Similar sporty styles have shown up in other compact lines



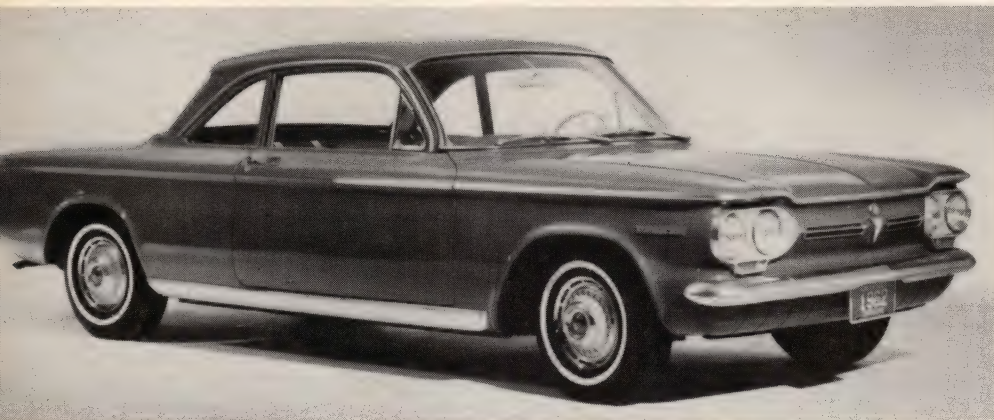
The **Pontiac Tempest** has a new sports design, the **Le Mans**, in coupe and convertible styles. Four-cylinder engines in choice of 110, 115, 120, 140 and 160 horses while V-8 is 185.



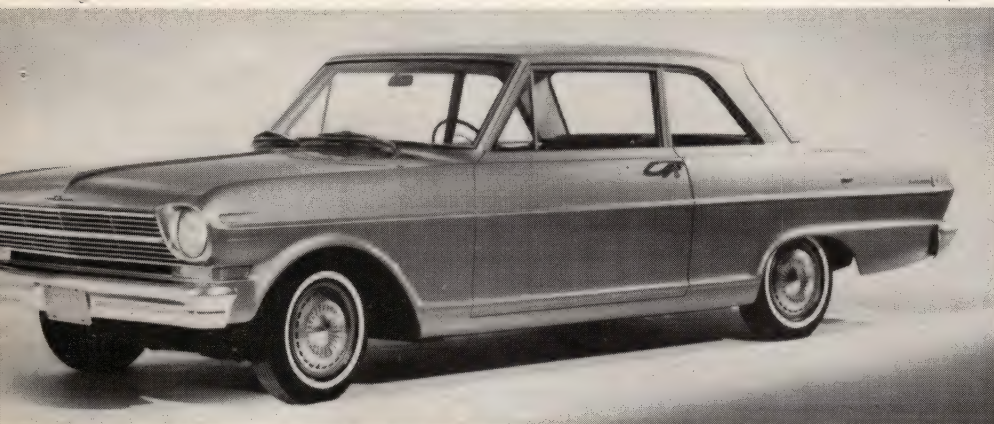
The **Squire** wagon is new for **Ford's Falcon** and, at 189 in. is eight inches longer than a sedan in the same line. Engine options, based on six-cylinder layouts, are 85 and 101 horses.



Convertible is slick new style for the **Oldsmobile F-85**. The car is 188.2 inches long and has V-8 engines of 155 and 185 horsepower, plus a supercharger option with over 200 horses.



Chevrolet's original compact, the Corvair, is 180 inches from bumper to bumper and has its six-cylinder engine in the rear. Three ratings, 80, 84 and 102 horsepower, are offered for car.



All new this year, the Chevy II strengthens Chevrolet's hand in the compact field. It is close to the Corvair and Falcon in size, 183 inches, and has 90- and 120-horsepower engines.



Mercury adds over a foot to the basic Falcon design to build the 194.8-inch-long Comet. Buyers may choose between 85- and 101-horsepower engines, both sixes, for the 1962 model.

this year. The **Valiant Signet** and **Lancer Gran Turismo** are a pair of sleek coupes with bucket seats, entering the fray against the **Corvair Monza** coupe, the **Falcon Futura** and **Comet S-22**, while Studebaker has a bucket-seated version of the **Lark**: the **Daytona**, in hardtop and convertible styles. The **Falcon Squire** is a new wagon with simulated wood paneling and is countered in the **Corvair** line by a new **Monza** wagon, complete with contoured front seats. And, of course, the **Buick Special**, **Oldsmobile F-85** and **Pontiac** have their new convertibles. These are available in standard form with a manually-operated top or in deluxe style with the usual pushbutton control to raise the roof.

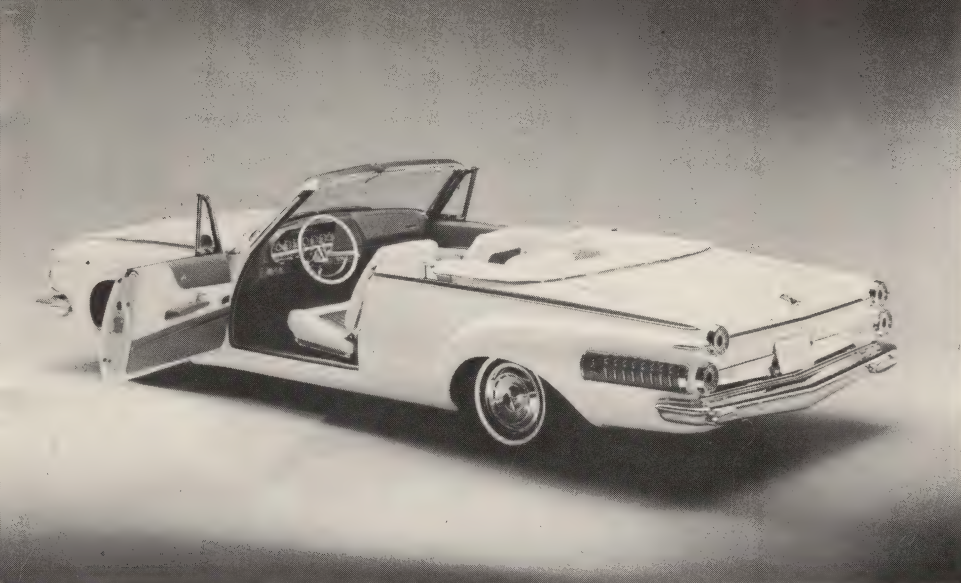
"GO" POWER

Buick is also the source of 1962's most sensational new powerplant, the V-6 mentioned earlier. Smaller and lighter than most sixes of similar output, the 135-horsepower unit is now standard in the **Special**.

For Buick, this is more of a failure than an advance. The reason the V-6 was rushed into production is that the company was losing money on the aluminum V-8 originally introduced for the **Special**. There's nothing wrong with the V-8 itself and it remains available as an option. **The light metal just costs too much to fabricate.**

A similar aluminum engine is still regular equipment in the **Oldsmobile F-85** and a variation of it is, in fact, Oldsmobile's performance story this year: For a few extra bills, you can have an **F-85** equipped with a turbo-supercharger. This provides more than 200 horsepower which, in a light car like the **F-85**, means **GO—and gulp**, as far as fuel is concerned.

Overall, Detroit is now building 16 cars that are smaller than the standard, full-size Chevrolet and Ford. As we've noted, several of them are available with either six- or eight-cylinder powerplants. The bigger **Rambler** was first with this alternative and has since been



Dodge's Polara 500 is a luxury style based on the Dart. Now a genuine compact, the Dart measures 202 inches, provides a hefty six with 145 horsepower, V-8's with 230, 260 and 305.

joined by the Lark, Fairlane, Meteor, Plymouth, Dodge Dart and Buick Special. In addition, the Pontiac Tempest can be ordered with four or eight cylinders and the Chevy II with four or six.

Of the remaining lines, the Rambler American, Corvair, Falcon, Comet, Valiant and Lancer appear just with sixes, and the Oldsmobile F-85 only with a V-8. However, all of these are offered with a variety of actual power ratings. The little Rambler American has a selection of 90 and 125 horsepower, for example, and the Corvair of 80, 84 and 102 horsepower.

All this adds up to a choice of at least two engines of different horsepower for every current compact. Generally, it is a decision between maximum fuel economy and faster acceleration. The 90-horsepower Rambler American will deliver more miles per gallon, but the 125-horsepower version has quicker getaway. In some cases, certain engines are for special purposes. The 80-horsepower Corvair is designed for use with a manual shift while the 84-horsepower is intended for an automatic transmission. The extra four horses help overcome the hydraulic slippage that is inherent in the Corvair's particular automatic.

Allowing two engines for each car, the number of compacts dou-

bles from 16 to 32. When you consider still other items that vary, such as body type and trim, you can see how the combinations begin to add up to 400.

MAKING YOUR CHOICE

But if you're interested in a new car, how can you determine which of the 400 possibilities is best for your specific motoring needs? If you take time to examine each car thoroughly, the 1963 and even 1964 models may be out before you reach a decision! How can you find the right combination without taking the rest of the year?

The obvious starting point is SIZE. Generally speaking, the smaller and lighter a car is, the less it costs to buy and run and the easier it is to maneuver. On the other hand, the bigger it is, the greater comfort and carrying capacity it provides. These are the fundamental differences between compacts and full-size cars. And they help distinguish various compacts from each other as well.

Of course, size and cost can be reduced only so far without cutting into the practical limits of comfort. The two most popular imports: Volkswagen and Renault, represent the minimum size which allows at least adequate seating for four. This is one of the biggest reasons for their success. They are

small enough to be extremely economical and maneuverable, yet big enough to accommodate two couples. If economy is your prime consideration, Volkswagen and Renault are exceptional buys.

Detroit hasn't gone as far as Europe in this regard. Our manufacturers have kept at least five and usually six passengers in mind when designing compacts. Consequently, our compacts are somewhat bigger than the popular foreign makes (although Chevrolet and Ford are known to be experimenting with really small cars and may have them ready for market by the 1963 season). To achieve a lower price than our full-size cars, however, our compacts do sacrifice some comfort and capacity.

The Falcon and Comet serve as good examples of a comparison within our domestic compact field, because they are alike in everything but SIZE. For the Comet's extra length, you pay another \$90 over the Falcon's price. Both cars have the same engine, but it has to work harder in the bigger Comet. Consequently, it uses more fuel. Because the Falcon is smaller, it is easier to handle in traffic and slip into tight parking places. But the riding qualities of the Falcon are stiffer and choppy. The Comet's extra inches smooth out the bumps a little better and also make the car steadier at highway speeds. And, while the Comet's passenger compartment is the same size as the Falcon's, its trunk will hold much more.

The smallest and lowest-priced of all the compacts is the Rambler American. In both respects, it slips under the Falcon, Corvair and Valiant.

The little Rambler also delivers the most miles per gallon. In test after test, it has scored the lowest fuel consumption. The Falcon runs a close second, while the Lark, Corvair, Comet, Valiant and Lancer are all a toss-up for a poor third.

To some people, though, power

(Continued on Page 75)



by Larry Pike

I Remember Rodney

I was the only member who voted "no" when we voted to de-pledge Rodney Holster from Acne Stigma. I withheld my tears when our fraternity president, Jules Cadillac, said, "We must de-pledge Rodney Holster. He has disgraced our revered fraternity. He has made us a scandal all over campus. In the men's dorms, future rushees are laughing at us. In the girls' dorms they are scorning us. University officials are asking embarrassing questions. What he has done has created a stir which does not behoove our sacred organization." But I voted "no." Rodney was gay and spirited; he was observant and ambitious.

Rodney, I remember, was delighted when he first pledged Acne Stigma. I could tell. When I shook his hand vigorously after the ceremony he yelped in elation and kissed me in joy. I then surmised that, rambunctious freshman though he was, he soon would truly be one of us. I smiled deeply. But, indeed, if I say he was delighted when he pledged our fraternity, it was nothing compared to the exuberance which overtook him a week later when he was ambling through Acne Stigma's spacious backyard. What he found there and later reported excitedly to me, almost overwhelmed his freshman imagination.

Now I don't want to brag, but the Acne Stigma house has the largest backyard in all fraternity row. Three years ago it belonged to old Professor Brian Sloppin who was known for his ability to read the complete Harvard Classics while waiting for a bus. This land is really on two levels, like

a miniature cliff. One level extends back about two-hundred feet, then drops to a lower level, some two yards down. It is at this drop-off that Rodney made his discovery—a cave. Here he found a shrub-covered door that opened and revealed a large underground room below the upper level of the backyard. None of the boys had ever discovered it before. Not until Rodney—observant, ambitious Rodney—came among us.

"Hooply doo!" Rodney screamed to me that day, running across the lawn, flapping his arms and kicking his left leg spasmodically. "Come see what I found!"

Of course I smiled benevolently at his youthful enthusiasm. I agreed to follow him as he dragged me by the shirt-sleeve to the cave.

"See?" he screamed, shoving me inside. "See?"

"Hmmmmmm," I intellectually mused. The cave had a wet mud floor that was covered with loosely scattered boards. But the walls were of cement. I surmised that it must have been some sort of meditative retreat for old Sloppin, for there were old whiskey bottles buried here and there.

"Hmmmm," I repeated.

"Yo!" shouted Rodney, "What a cool place to do up!"

"I don't get it," I said.

"Drag dates. Bring girls. Make out!"

I looked at the mud and wood and dirt. "How?" I protested.

"I'll clean it up," he retorted. "I'll throw out all this stuff and buy some hay to cover the mud. Sproutin' spit!"

(Continued on Next Page)

I REMEMBER RODNEY

He began to carry some old boards out of the cave.

"But wait," I insisted, following him. "You think you can get a girl to come inside here? This dark isolated place? After all"—and I added this trying to be tactful—"after all, you're only a freshman."

"Bosh!" he defied, still carrying boards. "I can do it!"

It was then that I assumed that perhaps Rodney was my better. I submissively but intelligently acknowledged the fact—he was plenty ambitious. I hung my head.

"Then let me help you," I chimed, trying not to let him notice my new attitude. "We can share the cave."

"Solid!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, throwing out empty whiskey bottles. I lifted a two by four and joined him in his zeal.

* * *

We later sat at the dinner table, devising plans, making necessary calculations.

"As I see it," Rodney was saying, stuffing breadcrust into his mouth, "the first girl I'm going to try to entice into our cave is Freda Scripp." He picked up a glass of water and washed his breadcrumbs down noisily.

"Freda Scripp!" I panicked. "Why she's the most beautiful sexy-looking girl on this campus! And she's a sophomore. And besides, I hear she's actually not so sexy—she's frigid for everybody except Dave Legume, the botany instructor!"

"Frigid shmigid," he exclaimed, splurting out some of his water. "I can do it! Pass the meat!" I smiled coyly at his pun.

"But"—I found myself protesting again—"but, do you know her? How are you going to get a date with her? What are you going to do?" I desperately wanted to know.

"Easy," he grunted as he forcefully cut his meat. "Tomorrow I call her and introduce myself. I tell her I'm a graduate student from Yale, and I'd like to meet her. Then I take her out a few times, get to know her, and bring her to a party here and sneak her off to the cave. Easy." He

shoved the meat into his mouth and washed it down with more water.

"Then maybe I'll double with you," I added hopefully. "I'll take out Agnes Gouch."

"Solid!" he said.

Then all the boys began to sing, "*Acne Stigma how you send us, thirty-five men—all tremendous*" and our conversation ended.

The following night was ideal weather for a date. It was very balmy, certainly conducive to love making. All over campus boys were escorting their girls with one arm and holding blankets with the other. I called for Agnes at the sorority house and then we two went with Rodney to the dormitory where he was to meet Freda for the first time. We stood in the lobby near the telephone booth, a meeting place they had previously designated. Then we saw her—she stepped out of the elevator. Each of us recognized her, though neither of us knew her personally. But to say she was sexy-looking would be an understatement. Rodney fell to his knees and began to lick the floor. I picked him up quickly, for she was now approaching. I watched him as he walked forward to meet her.

"Hiya," greeted Rodney. I'm Rodney Holster."

She stopped and extracted a cigarette from her purse. She flicked her lighter and puffed with abandon. "I'm Freda," she said. "What'll we do?"

I was about to ask Freda if she had any blankets, but Rodney checked me. "I'd better play it cool," he whispered. "How about a movie?" he said, turning to her. "Robert Mitchum and Jayne Mansfield are playing." I must admit that I had never seen Rodney play it so cool. She consented to the plan, and as we passed out the door and into the street, Rodney made with casual conversation.

"Where are you from?" Rodney asked.

Freda puffed on her cigarette. "New Yahk."

"I'm from Brazil," lied Rodney. "I'm doing graduate work in atomic fission."

We went on, here and there passing assorted couples who had stopped

to neck. We traded comments, watched the movie, then took the girls home. Freda said very little. She just lit one cigarette after another. Rodney talked a lot, and somehow managed to kiss her goodnight.

"You're attractive," he said to her at the dormitory steps, putting his arm around her waist.

She puffed on her cigarette gaseously. He put his other arm around her neck.

"You're beautiful," he entreated.

She exhaled through her nose.

"I'm going to kiss you," he admonished.

"Very well," she said, dropping the cigarette and crushing it under her heel.

When at last we left the girls, Rodney shifted into high glee. "I'm on my way!" he screamed jubilantly, yelping intermittently and running spirally down the street. "Step one complete!"

I smiled in silent admiration as I watched him disappear ahead of me.

* * *

The evening of the spring formal, Rodney and I stood side by side adjusting our bow ties in the mirror. Rodney and I had already been through a lot together, double-dating, cleaning the cave, making plans. Tonight was the night. Rodney was singing cheerfully to himself. "*Tonight is so nice; Freda be brave; I'm going to entice you into my cave. La de de dum de de de . . .*"

"Rodney," I asked, interrupting, "what do you really think of Freda?"

He now had his head under the water faucet, wetting his hair. Gayly, he sang an answer to me. "*Oh, she causes me to spend all my money, twenty dollars just yesterday; she smokes all the time so I bought her a new lighter; but tonight we're gonna hit the hay.*" He lifted his head from the sink and shook it vigorously. It got me wet, but I smiled knowingly.

"Still think you can do it?" I asked, but he scarcely heard me. He was thinking. "Listen!" he commanded suddenly. "If we're going to do this together, we'll have to be organized!" He jumped up on the wash

(Continued on Page 49)

HEY LOOK

H. Kurtz & Co.

YOU WILL NOTICE HOW THIS CHAIR **FITS** YOU WHEN YOU SIT... AND FOR A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT...



..AND IF YOU WANT A CHAIR TO RELAX IN, NOTICE HOW THIS ONE ENVELOPES YOU... AND FOR ONLY A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT...



NOW, HERE'S A SIMPLE, FUNCTIONAL CHAIR THAT IS VERY UNIQUE. IT **GRIPS** YOU!



HERE...TRY IT! RELAX AND NOTICE HOW IT PRACTICALLY GRASPS YOU! NOW FOR A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT...



..YOU CAN FOLLOW OUR EASY PAYMENT PLAN...

BOY! DOES THIS **GRIP**!



... IN NO TIME...

HEY! THIS CHAIR IS TRYING TO EAT ME!



WO HOPPEN?

THIS CHAIR GRIPS TOO MUCH! LUCKY I HAD MY SCOUT KNIFE!

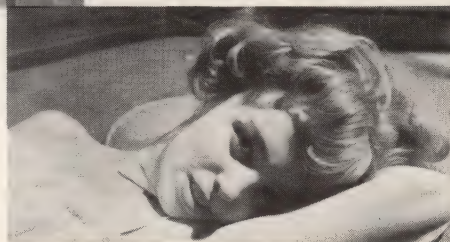


HEY! WEREN'T YOU GOING TO BUY A CHAIR TODAY?

EH! IT'S SAFER SITTING ON THE FLOOR!



mickey the pixie



Venice, California is the home of beatniks, old folks, and a teen-age pixie named Mickey Jines.

This frisky young female is like a breath of Spring around Venice, and the old folks feel like jigging and the beatniks feel like shaving whenever she's around. There's something fresh and alive and exhilarating about Mickey that makes people want to whistle. And most of the men do whenever she wiggles their way, her cute little rear rocking back and forth as she walks.

Barely over eighteen, this curly-haired blonde has already won several beauty contests and a couple of dance contests. In fact, it was on a televised dance program that she

was discovered by JADE'S carefree cameraman.

"Pardon me," he said to her after the program had gone off the air, "allow me to introduce myself. I'm JADE'S carefree cameraman." And he politely tipped his lens cap.

"Oh, you-ah cute!" giggled little Mickey in her sweet Texas accent. Then she lowered her lashes coyly and batted them. "Whut kin ah do fo-ah li'l ol' you?"

"Well," and our cameraman looked down momentarily at his pebble grain shoes before turning his cool blue eyes on hers. "You're just the perfect girl we're looking for to feature as JADE'S PIXIE in our new magazine.

"You mean you want me to

MODEL?" Mickey cried, her silvery voice climbing excitedly in pitch. "You-all want me to be in you-ah magazine?" And her face flushed with enthusiasm.

"That's right," our cameraman said proudly. "It's a little hard to tell with your clothes on, but I think you'd be just the girl to feature in the center-spread of our very first issue. How would you like that?"

"Ah'd like that FINE," said Mickey; but then her face clouded in bewilderment. "But what do you mean *it's hard to tell with mah clothes on*?—It's hard to tell *what*?"

"Well . . . uhh . . ." our cameraman stammered, "you see, our magazine features the most

(Continued on Page 38)



outstanding figure models in the ——”

Mickey interrupted him. “You-all want me to model in the *nude*? Is that it?”

“Uhh . . . that’s it,” said our cameraman; “but of course, if you’d rather n ——”

“Why you l’il ol’ devil, you!” giggled Mickey, “stop blush-in’! Ah’d be *thrilled* to pose for you-all!” And she pranced excitedly around, wiggling her cute little fanny and thrusting out her small but nicely rounded bust. “Just think! won’t all mah girl friends be *jealous*! Imagine . . . l’il ol’ me bein’ **FEATURED** in you-ah magazine!”

“Then you won’t mind posing in the nu ——” started our cameraman, when he was interrupted by Mickey’s mischievous giggle.

“Why you ol’ silly!” she said, “Ah almost *nevah* we ah clothes ’less ah **HAVE TO!** Ah go ’round in the altogethah **ALL THE TIME!**” And she smiled proudly; “Mah goodness, heah ah always worried about maybe not havin’ a big enough figu-ah to *please* a young man and you cute l’il thing, you want to put me in the **CENTERSPREAD** of you-ah magazine! Why, ah’m pleased and flattered beyond words!” She was talking rapidly, her sparkling white teeth gleaming from inside her ruby mouth. “When can we get stahted, honey? Ah’m just *dyin’* to pose fo-ah you-all!”

“Well...” our carefree cam-



eraman glanced professionally at his chromium wrist watch. “It’s still early. How about getting a bite to eat and then trying a test afterwards?”

“Ohfo-ahgoodnesssake!” blurted Mickey eagerly, “you mean you-ah gonna feed me, too? You ol’ gentleman, you!” And she stood on her tiptoes and smacked a warm, affectionate kiss on our camera-

man’s cheek. Then she grinned, put her arm in his and they started for the door. “Ah’m hungry ’nough to eat a beah,” she said. “Ah su-ah hope you have money, sugah!”

Our cameraman modestly patted his bulging wallet. “Don’t worry, *sugah*,” he grinned, “I’m **JADE’S** carefree cameraman!—Besides, I’ve got a Diner’s Club card.”



Like Sparkling
Champagne
'This Miss'
Personality
Is Refreshingly
Bubbly!



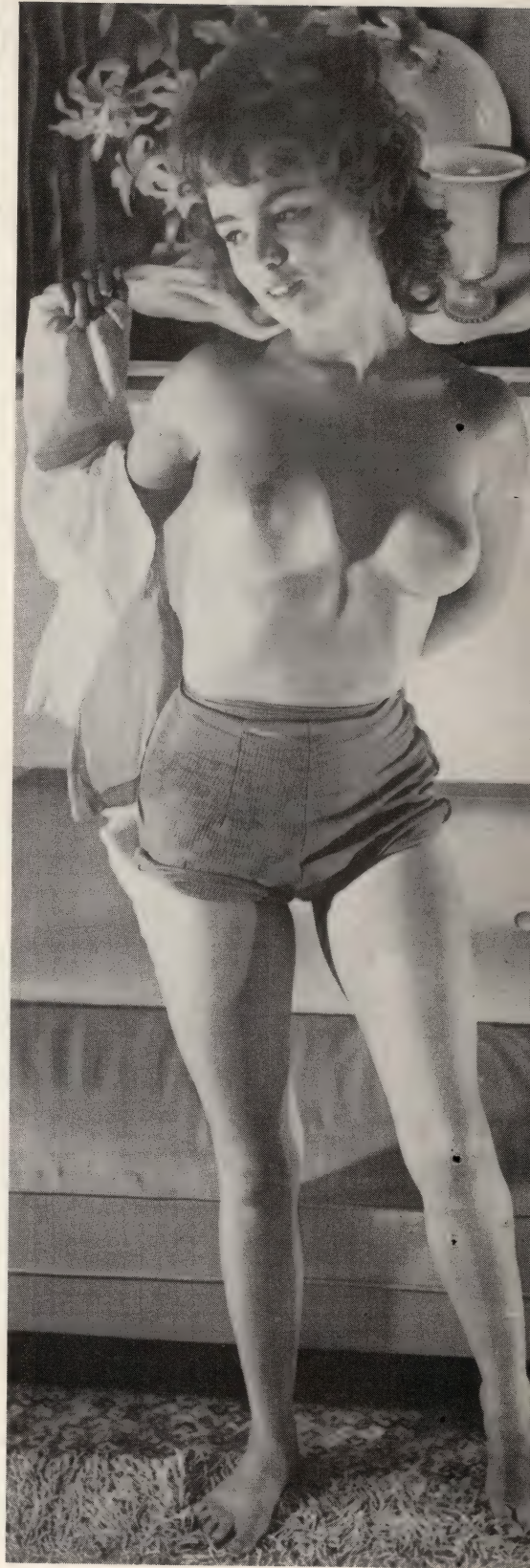




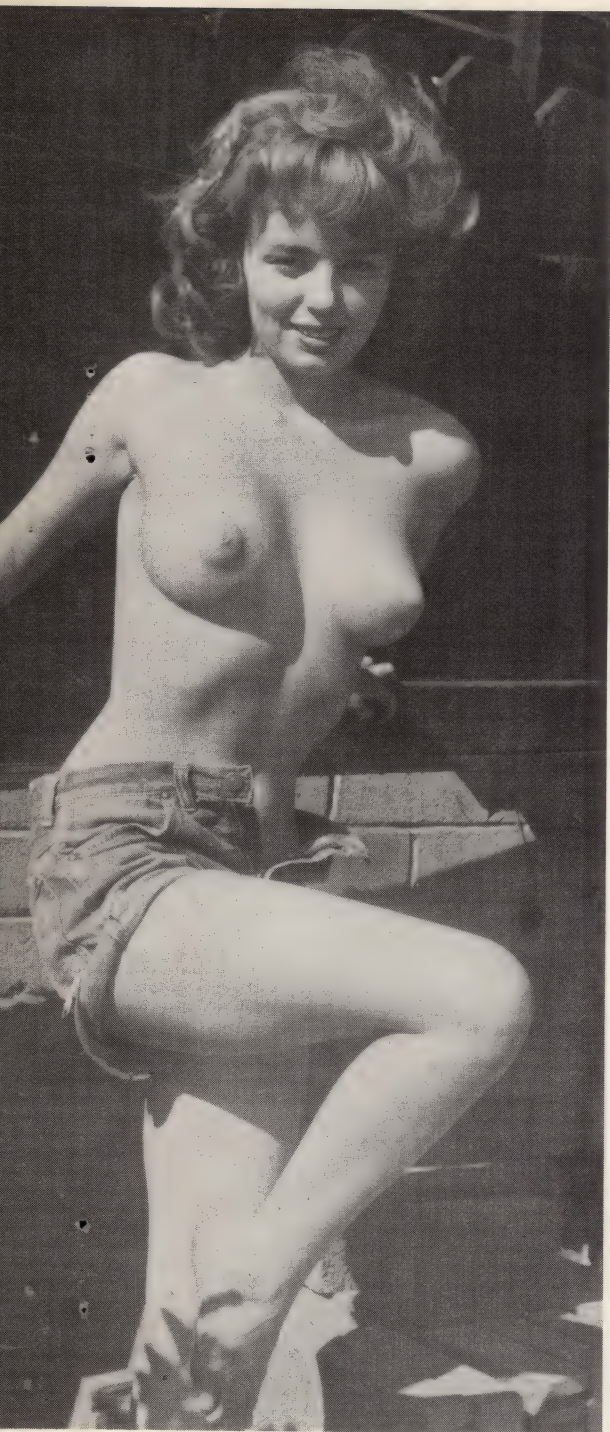


With Her Cute Face And Cuddlesome Figure,
Mickey Is The Perfect Pixie!





JADE Is Proud To Present
This Intimate Photo Story
Of The Most Popular
New Model In Print:
Mickey Jines!



photographer/bob pike











I REMEMBER RODNEY

(Continued from Page 34)

basin with great agility. "Synchronize your watch. At eleven exactly we'll ask the girls to go for a walk in the yard and sort of 'stumble' on the cave. Right? Right! It's now eight-twenty-seven." I synchronized my watch. He jumped off the basin. "Hot snot!" he shouted.

At ten-forty-five that evening the party was already in full swing. Joey Beethoven was playing sweet dance music in the Acne Stigma colorful recreation room (Joey had changed his name for business purposes). Lester Proddle had done his superb imitation of Johnny Ray singing "Cry" backwards, and Darsy Woolworth had a fifth. Everything was going fine except for one thing. Freda Scripp was acting disagreeably. Perhaps she sensed Rodney's intention. I don't know. But as Agnes and I danced near to them I listened to their conversation.

"This is weather like in Brazil," Rodney was telling her.

"Ouch," yelled Freda. In her right hand she was holding a cigarette, puffing on it between dips.

"You're so revealingly beautiful tonight," Rodney whispered amorously. He bent close to kiss her, but she took a drag on her cigarette.

Then I noticed that Freda was glancing frequently at one of the members of the dance band, and occasionally winking and making passes at him. I danced over beside Shorty Wiggamms, nodding in the direction of this person.

"Oh, that's Dave Legume, the botany instructor," he said. I shuddered. "He plays trumpet with Joey Beethoven for spending money. Nice guy. Grows zinnias in his apartment . . . Last semester . . ."

"Thanks," I said.

The music stopped. I looked up and saw Rodney and Freda approaching. I looked at my watch and it was eleven o'clock. I squeezed Agnes' hand. I looked back at Rodney as he came closer. Freda was beside him. Rodney looked at me, winking discreetly.

"Let's all go for a walk," he said.

"All right," I replied.

"Okey doke," agreed Agnes, and I was glad.

"No!" barked Freda.

"Yes!" insisted Rodney.

"Yes, do!" echoed Agnes, and I was elated.

"No."

"But you could pick some flowers," I suggested. "You know, *Tulipa Gesneriana*," I added generically.

Freda winced, then agreed. I was successful. She lit a cigarette and walked out the door and into the backyard. Rodney led the way casually across the lawn, but directly toward the cave. He jumped down the miniature cliff and we all followed.

"Boy, look what I found!" Rodney screamed, waving his index finger and trying to sound spontaneous. "A cave! A nice clean cave with hay on the floor!"

"No kidding," I said.

"Yippee!" yipped Agnes.

I leaned my head in front of the door. "With some *Tulipa Gesneriana* growing inside," I commented shrewdly.

"Where?" said Freda, and we all went inside.

Inside, I put my arm around Agnes, but out of the corner of my eye watching Rodney and Freda. She was on her hands and knees looking for *Tulipa Gesneriana*. Rodney had bolted the door and, also on his hands and knees, was crawling over beside Freda.

"There's really no Tulipa stuff in here," he giggled warmly, "but it's nice, isn't it?"

Freda was astonished. She lit another cigarette. They she braced her arm and leaned back.

"It's nice, isn't it?" She didn't answer. He put his arms around her. "I'm warm for your form," he said. She said nothing. "I love you, Freda. Do you hear me, I love you. I will kiss you." For a moment it was completely silent. Then, suddenly, Freda jumped up and screamed in alarm.

"Look!" she shrieked. Look! Fire! Fire!"

We all looked to see where she was pointing. Agnes screamed.

The hay was on fire. Rodney gasped and sprang for the door. He unbolted it with dynamic fury and we rushed

outside in a panic. Back inside, the fire was spreading, covering the floor and scaling the walls. Agnes screamed again. Rodney sprinted for the house to call the fire department. The others sprinted from the house to see the fire. We all stood back, watching the leaping flames. Agnes screamed again. From down the street sirens were heard. A fire truck drove through the backyard and we all scrambled out of the way, except for Jules Cadillac who was run down. The firemen quickly went to work. Agnes screamed again. People came from all around. There must have been five hundred of them.

At last, when the panic seemed to be dying, I heaved a sigh and calmly watched the proceedings. The flames were now casting grotesque shadows on the crowd. But, I thought, little did they know what monumental ambitions the element had thwarted there that night. Agnes screamed again. I saw Freda standing beside the botany instructor-trumpet playing Dave Legume. I excused myself momentarily from Agnes and crept into the shadows beside those two. I remained very quiet.

"Damned — what's his name? — Rodney," Freda was saying.

Legume smiled pleasantly. Freda withdrew her new cigarette lighter from her purse.

"But I did the trick with this," she said, holding it up. "Good lighter." She put her hand into Legume's and they slowly walked away, disappearing into the shadows.

Presently, heard someone shouting beside me. "Hoopla! Hoop de doo!" It was Rodney Holster. "Guess what, man! I was walking through the house feeling sorry, when guess what I found? I'll tell you! Behind the book-case I found a secret door with a dark, empty room on the other side! Whoopee! Think of what we can do with it!" He was jumping up and down. "Smothered mothers! Just think of what we can do with it!" he yelled.

Yes, Rodney was gay and spirited; he was observant and ambitious. But Rodney never got the chance again. The next day he was de-pledged.

THE LEGEND OF



FRANKENSTEIN!



Life begins at 145!

This year the Frankenstein monster celebrates his 145th birthday. What is the secret of his success? How has he managed to survive all these years?—twice the life time of a long-lived man—particularly considering all the abuse that horrified humanity has heaped upon him.

Pity the plight of this poor monster, brought to life without his foreknowledge or consent, only to be hounded to death again and again by angry individuals and mobs resenting him as “a crime against Nature.”

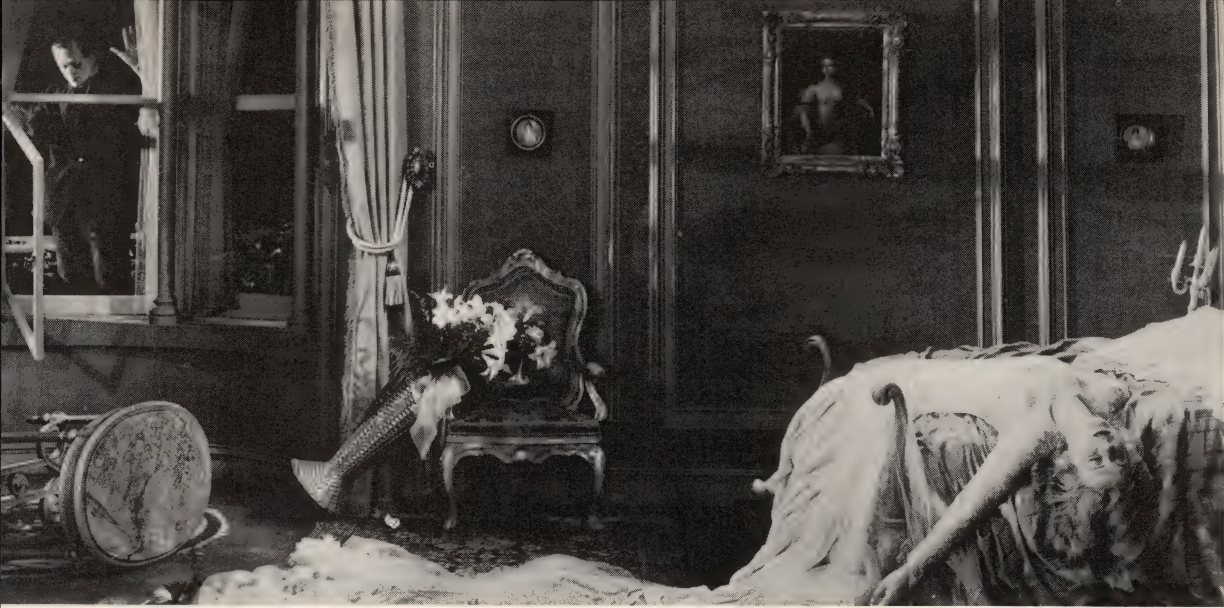
The Frankenstein monster has been

alternately burned to death, frozen, boiled alive and—minor inconveniences along the way—clubbed, drugged, electrocuted. Once he was presumably blown to bits and pieces altogether but, no Humpty Dumpty he, it was not impossible for him to be put back together again.

Where did this monster come from in the first place? Certainly his most famous portrayer, Boris Karloff, hasn't been around for 145 years, nor are motion pictures anywhere near that old. No, Frankenstein didn't begin in the movies; he was born a long time before that.

Who was his author, then? A man like Poe? A scientist fictionalizing an experiment too bold for him to actually perform? An aged author? Let the author's own words speak, and perhaps some clue will be contained in them as to the age and identity of this individual: “*I have tried, in Frankenstein, to preserve the truth of the basic principles of human nature, while I have not hesitated to experiment with them. The event on which my story hinges was suggested in casual conversation. It was begun partly as a source of amusement and partly as a way of exercising the imagination.*”









"I have a general answer . . . " the author continues, "to the question so frequently asked me: 'How did I, a young girl, come to think of and elaborate such a hideous idea?' The story itself was begun in the majestic region where the scene is principally laid. I spent the summer of 1816 in and about Geneva, Switzerland. The season was cold and rainy, and in the evenings my companions and I crowded around a blazing wood fire and occasionally amused ourselves with some German stories of ghosts which happened to be handy. These tales excited in us a playful desire to imitate. Two other friends and myself agreed each to write a story founded on some supernatural occurrence. However, the weather suddenly became calm once again and my friends left me for a journey among the Alps. In the magnificent mountains all memory of their ghostly visions vanished. The following tale is the only one which has been completed."

FRANKENSTEIN!

Written by a girl—a young girl!

Who was this female who in 1816 "as a source of amusement" put to pen and paper this amazing tale of HORROR? Her name: Mary Wollstencroft Shelley; her age: 17!—A teen-ager was responsible for the chills the MONSTER has caused humanity these many, many years! And a banned teen-ager at that! Not then and there, but it was reported that at late as 1955 the Union of South Africa had made *Frankenstein* a forbidden book. Anyone owning a copy could be fined and sentenced to jail for five years!

But although *Frankenstein*, in book form, may be found at most public libraries in this country, the MONSTER found in these pages is known via his movie appearances. The first film adaptation of the book was produced way back in 1898 by Thomas Alva Edison during the infancy of the motion picture industry. Unfortunately, the fragile celluloid upon which this early version was filmed has long since deteriorated beyond projectability.







The Frankenstein Monster— Is he legend . . . or REALITY!

The next version of *Frankenstein*, produced in 1932 by Carl Laemmle, Jr., was released in America when our country was in a Depression and people were pinched for pennies. Certainly, there was not much "mad" money for motion picture entertainment. And yet FRANKENSTEIN played to *Standing Room Only* crowds and broke box office records all over the country! The fellow responsible for this success was the frightening *monster* whose name the film's credits listed simply as: KARLOFF!

Boris Karloff was born in London, November 23, 1887. He was educated at the Uppingham School, The Merchant Taylor School, and Kings College, London University. After a theatrical career on the Continent, he came to America. Although he appeared in several motion pictures prior to 1932, his first—and most important screen role was that of the Frankenstein MONSTER.

It is interesting to note that this historic role was first offered to Bela Lugosi, who had just achieved success as the star of the movie DRACULA and who, at that time, was a far greater drawing card than Karloff. But Lugosi turned the role down—because it wasn't a speaking part! And he, undoubtedly, regretted it ever since.

Karloff played the *monster* in the original version of *Frankenstein* and in the following two sequels: *Bride of*

Frankenstein and *Son of Frankenstein*. However, in the sequels that followed these the quality of script, direction, and over-all budget was reduced to the point where most of the motion picture artistry was lost in a sacrifice to "the fast buck." And Karloff decided to quit the role before the characterization was degraded in these cheapie productions. Therefore, in *Ghost of Frankenstein*, Lon Chaney, Jr., who had established a horror name for himself as THE WOLFMAN, tried his luck in scaring audiences as the *monster*; in *Frankenstein Meets The Wolfman*, Bela Lugosi took time from being a vampire to trying his hand as the *monster* while Chaney went back to his *wolfman* role. And somewhere along the way there was a *House Of Frankenstein*, in which virtually everybody played a role!

By this time Frankenstein's monster had been reduced to almost a caricature of the original Karloff characterization, and it seemed only logical that next the monster should be seen, as portrayed by Glenn Strange, in *Abbott And Costello Meet Frankenstein!* Then the original monster was abandoned entirely, and in *I Was A Teen-Age Frankenstein* and *Frankenstein's Daughter* the closest the stories came to the original book—or movie—was the use of the Frankenstein name.

Finally, it seemed, the popularity of this story had run its course. *The*

monster was dead. And then suddenly in vivid color, complete with all the blood and gore and shock values its producers could manage to photograph, *The Curse Of Frankenstein* smashed across the Cinemascope screen—all the way from England! This time the monster was played by Christopher Lee, using an entirely different type of make-up and characterization. For example, depending on where you saw the film, the monster had one, two, or four eyes. In America we saw the usual two. British audiences screamed at his single orb. And in Japan, the monster frightened all who saw him with twice the normal quota of eyes.

With color, Cinemascope, and shockingly poor taste in its favor, *The Curse of Frankenstein* made enough money to warrant a sequel: *Revenge of Frankenstein*, this time oddly enough ignoring the monster entirely and instead concentrating on new experiments by *Dr. Frankenstein*—the fanatical scientist who created the monster!

Not to be outdone, Boris Karloff re-entered the scene shortly thereafter in *Frankenstein 1970*, where he, too, played the creator instead of the monster!

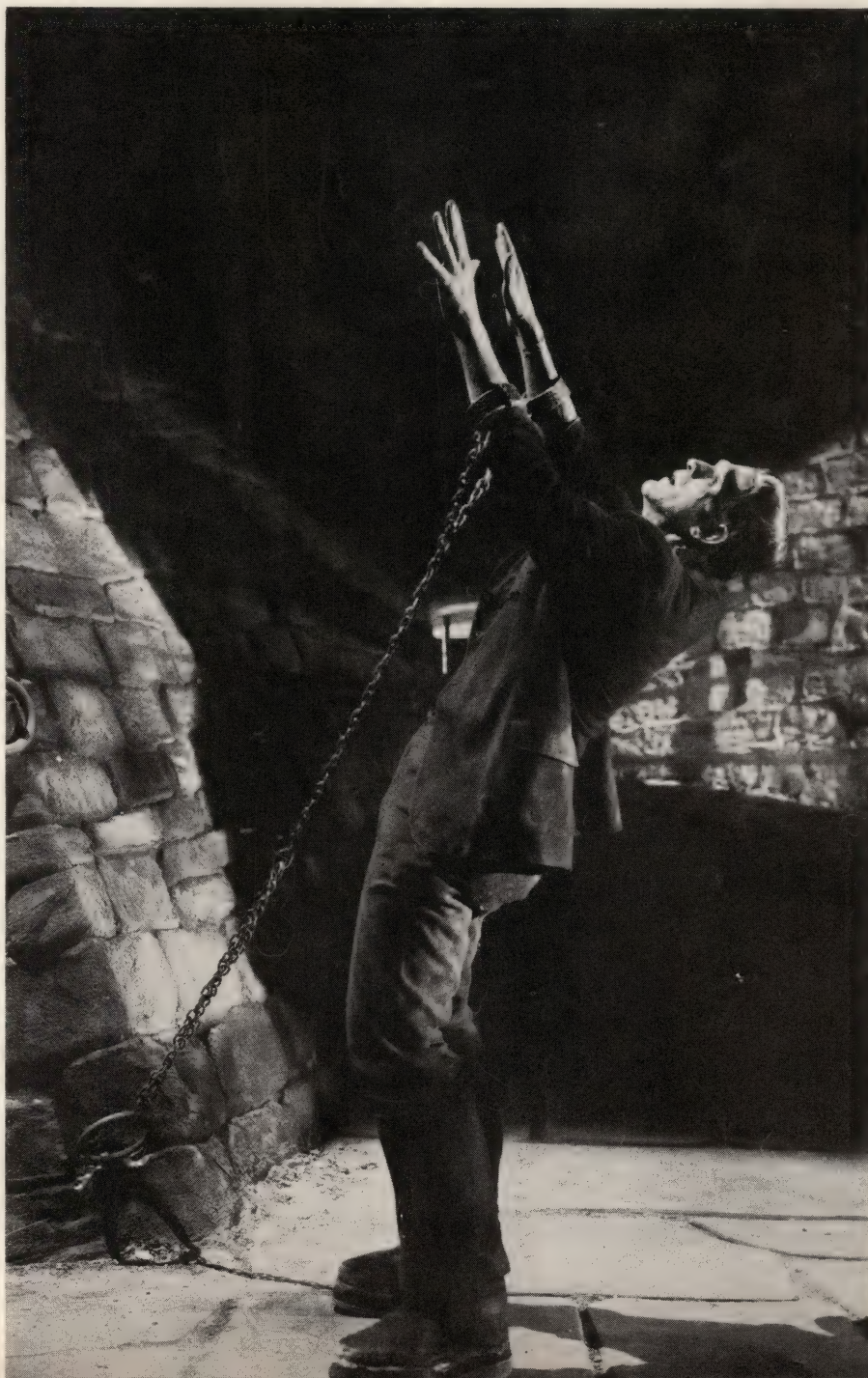
And so the pendulum has swung half 'round. Who knows? Before long it will undoubtedly swing back full circle, with KARLOFF again portraying his most famous role: Frankenstein's MONSTER.

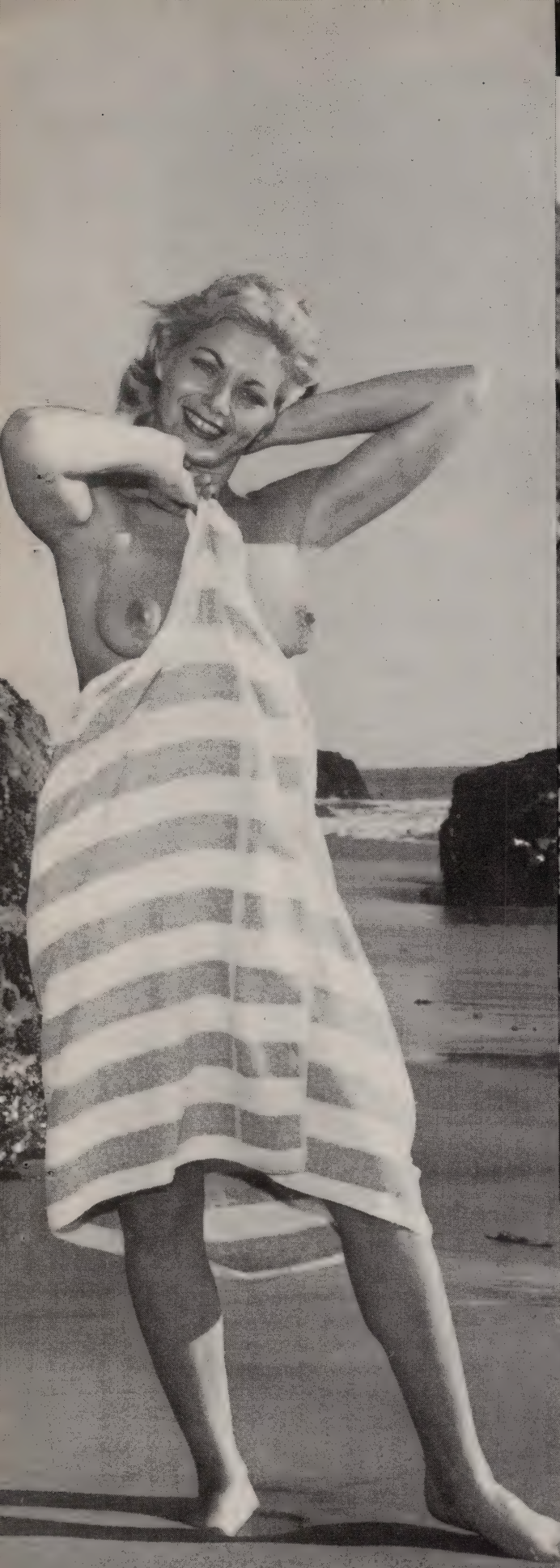


Obviously, the Frankenstein story is just that: *a story*. Made up by a talented teen-age girl; the wife of the poet Persy Shelley. And yet there actually *was* a Frankenstein Castle, constructed in the 13th century. Its ruins, about 1200 feet of them, stand today. It was built about 1250 A.D. by a young Frankenstein on the side of a long and narrow range of hills which are but a few hours' drive from Frankfort-on-the-main in Germany.

Castle Frankenstein when new must have been strong enough to withstand—almost—the attack of even a mythical monster. It was fortified by a whole system of moats, drawbridges, outer walls, and bulwarks. But *was* the monster *mythical*? The tomb of a Knight George actually exists near the castle, and legend has him killed by "*a terrible man-eating monster in the neighborhood of the Katzenborn which frightened the whole valley of Niederbeerbach below. It was believed that the beast would only retire for good if the most beautiful woman to be found in the territory were sacrificed. This was Annmary, the forester's daughter. Knight George sought out and slew the monster in a furious struggle; but he, too, died of a poisoned wound that he received in the hollow of his knee.*"

At the very least the Frankenstein monster is a chilling creature of fiction, capable of giving anyone a cold, sleepless night. At the very worst he is **ALIVE!**





a modern lozelei



Cindy Courtland, a tall, athletic blonde measuring 39-26-38, can usually be found at a small, secluded cove by the Pacific Ocean—if you happen to wander that way at 6 a.m. Because Cindy, like many lovers of the salt water, prefers to feel the stinging splash of the waves against her tanned, *bare* body, instead of wearing an inhibiting bathing suit.

So she gets up early, before the prudes and peeping toms are about, and drives past Paradise Cove and Point Dume, where a little known spot is waiting for her, hidden by rocks and cliffs, and open to the roar of the ocean!

There she leisurely relaxes in the warm, clinging sand, letting it trickle through her fingers and toes, while her long wavy hair cascades down her bronzed shoulders. The sea breeze, smelling of the salt ocean air, is invigorating; and before long,



Cindy is stripping out of her brief bathing suit and taking a cool morning plunge into the ocean. Or sometimes she just stands near the shore, thrilling to the power and excitement of the waves as they crash against her long shapely legs and thighs.

Being such a lover of water, it is no wonder that Cindy's profession is that of a water ballet performer; and she has appeared in night clubs and aquacades throughout the world, as well as being on many of the water-type

television shows. But although Cindy loves her water work, it is not the beginning and end of her ambitions. Like her famous watery ancestor, *Lorelei*, Cindy has a beautiful voice. And when she isn't performing underwater, she is often booked as a night club singer.

With her emerald green eyes gazing warmly at the ringside customers, it's easy to see, then, why this beautiful blonde amazon is often billed as:

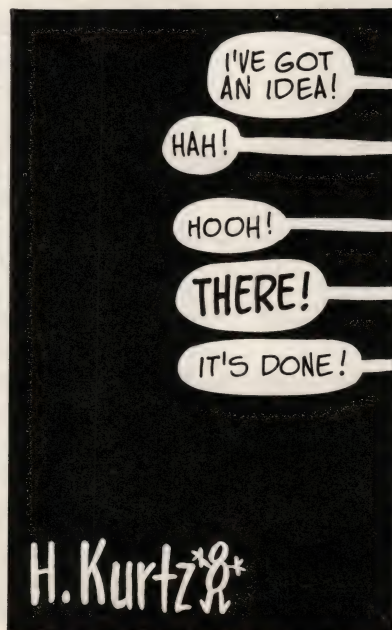
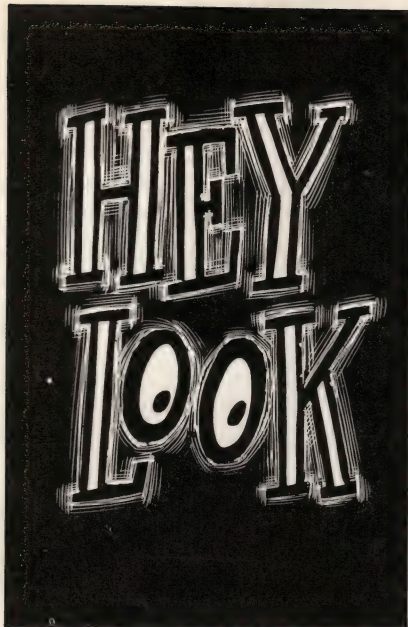
a modern Lorelei!

*Tall And Blonde, With Flashing Green Eyes
And A Sultry Voice, Cindy Courtland Is
Today's Counterpart To The Legendary Sea Siren!*



photographer/luandre furia





HEY LOOK!

hk



JADE DISCOVERS

An Exotic Beauty

One bright sunshiny day while meandering through the back woods of greater Los Angeles, JADE'S carefree cameraman stopped to listen to a quiet babbling brook. Then he smelled the heady fragrance of magnolias. "*My, my!*" he said to himself, "*what a perfect spot for photographing an exotic beauty.*" And he looked around, wishing that one might pop up out of the surrounding tropical foliage.

Then suddenly the silence was broken by a soft laugh. Our cameraman turned, startled, and noticed a wrought iron gate nearby. Standing behind it, gazing at him, a puckish grin on her face, was a perfect exotic beauty!

"*Hello there, handsome,*" called the young lovely. "*Do you play—chess?*" And she lifted one dark perfect eyebrow quizzically.

Our cameraman noticed the soft tanned swell of bosom that was peeking out of her open sweater. "*Well,*" he muttered professionally, "*I've never tried it, but I'm willing to learn.*" Then he added while patting his ever-ready camera, "*do you model?*"

"*Well,*" the exotic beauty answered, smiling, "*I've never tried it, but I'm willing to learn.*" And with that she let her sweater slip completely open, revealing a perfect



youthful tanned bosom.

"My name is Frances Lee," the beauty sighed as she led our photographer into her tropical patio. "*And I'm JADE'S care-free cameraman,*" replied our cameraman politely, while quickly taking a light reading with his meter.

Frances seated herself down by a chessboard. "*Would you like a glass of cool fresh milk?*" she asked, sipping sedately at a tall tumbler.—*I'm a health food addict, by the way,*" she added, noticing our cameraman's grimace at the sight of milk."

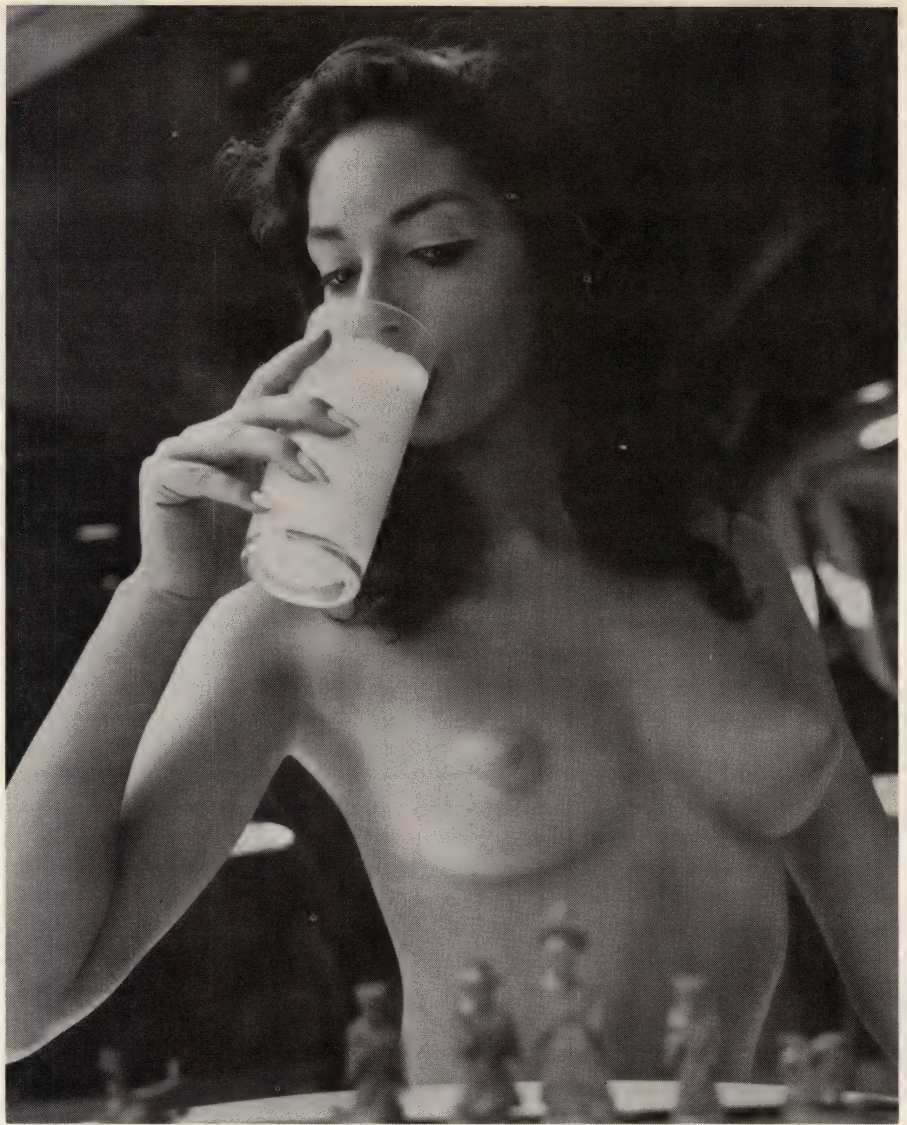
"No milk, thank you," said our cameraman, "*but I would like you to take off your sweater—so I can take some pictures,*" he added, noticing her uplifted eyebrow at his suggestion.

"Oh, alright," sighed Frances softly, and pulled the sweater off her tawny shoulders, letting it drop to the ground. "*How is this? Better?*" And her eyes sparkled mischievously as she looked up at our cameraman whose mouth had fallen open at such a lovely sight!

"MAN!" mumbled our cameraman as he began clicking, "*if you're any kind of example of a health food addict, I'm starting on that kick myself!*" And he took a long gulp of milk from her tumbler before clicking madly again.

Frances looked up from her chessboard. "*When do you want to learn about chess?*" she asked demurely.

"LATER! LATER!" shouted our cameraman who was shooting color by this time,



with used film cartons piling up all around him. "*Take the rest of your clothes off, Frances,*" he yelled; "*this stuff is coming out GREAT!*"

"Why, thank you," she said, flattered. "*Do you think you'll have any use for it?*" And she arched her back and posed seductively as our cameraman almost fell over his tripod in delight!

"USE IT! USE IT!" he screamed; "*why, Frances, you'll be FEATURED in our initial issue!! That's how great I think you are!*"

Frances blushed modestly; then began to pose even more

provocatively, blowing an occasional kiss at the lens.

"Oh, DAMN!" murmured our cameraman a few hours later.

"What's wrong?" asked Frances, her modelling mood broken.

"I'm out of film!"

"Oh . . ." pouted Frances. "*Well, why don't you come back another time, and then...*"

"Yes? Yes?" asked our cameraman, putting his lens cap on.

"And then you can learn all about . . . chess," she finished, as she led him sweetly to the front gate.



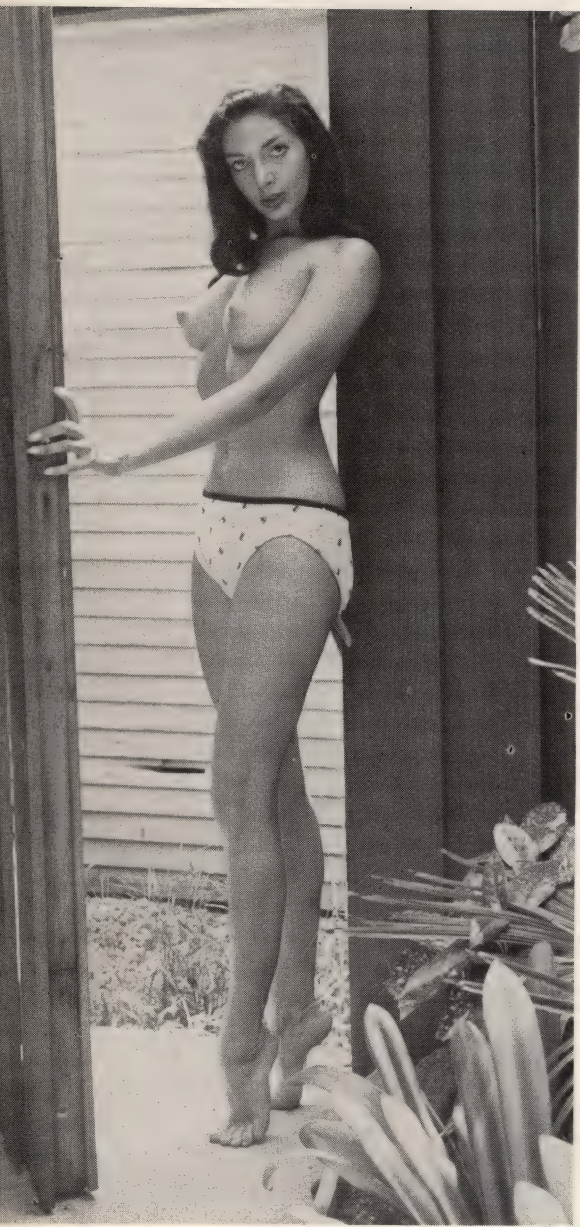
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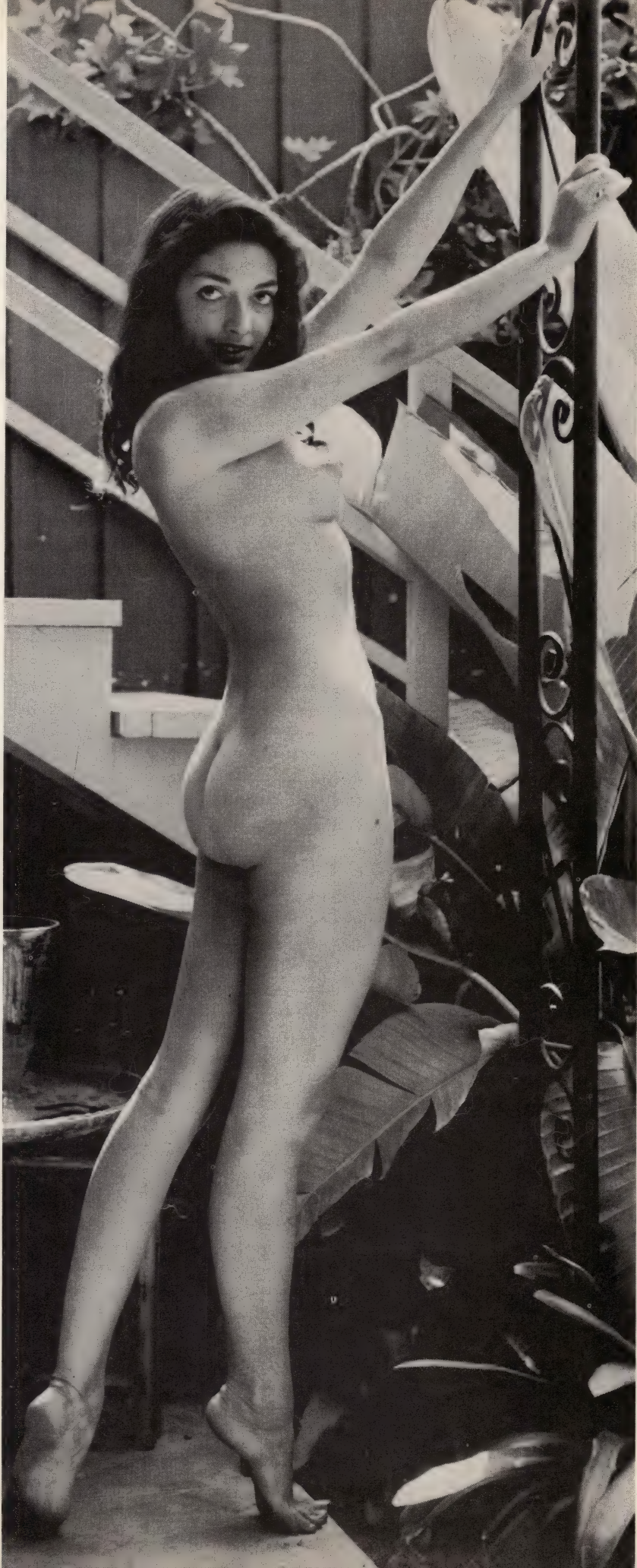


*How would you like to be
marooned on a tropical island
with this young beauty?*





*Tawny, tanned and terrific
describes lovely Frances Lee!*







EVIL, EVIL, EVIL

(Continued from Page 16)

at the wiring, sending sparks shuttling across the room; and pounded upon Madeline, crushing her against the wall!

The townspeople shouted and cried and ran frantically out the door. Dr. Quagmire fainted. I hastened to a corner of the room and picked up the rifle which I had once taken with me to Madagascar. I aimed and fired. I fired again and again and again and again. The beast fell dead.

The next moment it was quiet. The townspeople had run away in panic. Quagmire lay out cold on the floor. The sloth lay dead. And Madeline, still propped upside-down against the wall, did not move. It was very quiet.

THE TELEPHONE RANG.

"Hello," I said. "Yes?" It was the sheriff. "Yes, he's out cold. Yes." I hung up.

Evil, I thought. Now the police were on their way, coming to arrest Dr. Quagmire. "Wake up, Doctor Quagmire," I called. "Wake up, wake up! You are under arrest!" I administered a pail of water to his face.

Quagmire was sitting upright beside the propped-up, upside-down Madeline and the dead sloth. The water streamed down his face. He shook some of it off. "Bbbb," he blubbered.

"You have done *evil*," I told him. He didn't hear me.

"My sloth is dead," he muttered; then suddenly the silence was broken by the shrill wail of sirens, a screech of tires, and the heavy trample of many feet toward the front door. Police, newsmen, television and radio men poured in.

"YER UNDER ARREST," called an officer, drawing his gun. "STICK 'EM UP."

"*Smile*," heckled a man with a camera.

"My name is Plyfim from News-Times-Courier," shouted another. "How did it happen? Did the sloth

BREAK his chains? Did he, *craving sexual satisfaction*, ATTACK the girl, exposing her *nude torso*?"

"FRISK HIM. REMEMBER, ANYTHING YOU SAY CAN BE HELD AGAINST YOU."

"Madeline . . ."

"Crushed," I replied.

"*Would you talk to our radio audience, Doctor?*"

"Then did the *stark naked girl* try HELPLESSLY to ward him off? Did he go MAD when . . ."

"*And now Dr. Quagmire, an old gentleman with greying temples, is getting up—it looks as if he is scratching his right arm—yes—he is walking to the right; now he turns—oh, he looks at the huge, silent beast—he scratches his leg—ladies and gentlemen, if you could only . . .*"

"HANDCUFFS, MEN!"

"And did the MAD BEAST *hesitate* when he saw the NUDE BEAUTY . . .?"

"No, no, no," babbled Quagmire. "No . . . her brain was mad . . . should have realized that when I gave it to the sloth . . . should have anticipated how Madeline would talk . . . should have . . ."

"OKAY, COME ALONG."

"Roll 'em!"

"*Now they've begun to take him away. Beads of perspiration are rolling down his forehead. No, it is water! He is not even struggling, ladies and gentlemen . . .*"

"Hello, Chief! Hold the presses! Scoop! Mad Mammal Mauls Maid! Murder!"

"GET MOVIN', DOC. THERE'S A NICE COZY CELL WAITIN' FOR YOU. HEH HEH."

At last the boisterous, chaotic mob of public servants moved toward the door with Quagmire. The doctor looked back and paused a moment. "Well, that's the way the ball bounces," he mumbled.

I looked at the sloth. I looked at Madeline. I looked at the departing Quagmire.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense," I thought.

COMPACT CARS

(Continued from Page 31)

is more important than maximum economy. They want quicker acceleration and higher speed. On this point, the 305-horsepower Plymouth and Dodge and Oldsmobile's new supercharged F-85 have obvious advantages.

Those seeking a compromise between low fuel consumption and high performance should investigate the Lark V-8. It uses only slightly more gas than most of the little sixes but provides much brisker acceleration.

Many people choose compacts not as much for economy as for easier handling. Smaller, lighter cars are much easier to drive. The Corvair is a particular example. Because its engine is in the rear, it has relatively little weight on the front wheels. The result is light, silky steering that makes the car a cinch to get in and out of tight spots.

Out on the highway, superior handling calls for something else. The steering should be more precise than light, and over-all stability should be good. For such qualities, the Valiant and Lancer are the best of the smaller compacts, and their respective parent makes, Plymouth and Dodge, stand out among the larger variety.

For the utmost in comfort, both a roomy interior and smooth riding qualities are requirements. Several cars have one but not the other. The Lark and Chevy II both have good-size passenger compartments but are not the smoothest riding cars on rough surfaces. The Buick Special and Oldsmobile F-85 ride well but are somewhat cramped inside. Two cars that do combine both features are the new Mercury Meteor and the larger Rambler.

Rambler keeps popping up favorably in almost every category.

(Continued on Page 80)

some RUM *fun*

For That Happy Zing In Your Eating And
Drinking Habits, Here's How To Make
The Best Use Of This Buccaneer Brew!

by Charles Alexander

Since the days of Blackbeard the pirate, rum has been one of the most popular liquors on the face of the globe. In the early days of the buccaneers it was a raw mixture that was thick and dark, heavy and strongly proofed, which the hearty swashbucklers downed straight. But now it has been developed to a fine art of distillery, and the straight shot has changed to the modern day Daiquiri Cocktail and the Zombie.

There are several reasons why rum is the popular favorite of many drinkers. One is its pleasing taste, slightly sweet and easily mixed with any fruit juice and most liquors. Another is its exotic history which has tainted it with an adventurous past and spiced it with the trade winds of the South Seas, creating a mental picture of adventure and excitement.

But most important is the fact that rum has so many uses which

will please not only the drinker but the eater, too. Since it is made of a sugar base, it is used in candies and cakes, all kinds of meats and sauces. Yet its greatest popularity comes from the drinks.

* * *

The art of mixing drinks with rum is the art of knowing how to mix good drinks; for rum is one of the few liquors that can be put into fruit juice and easily be all but hidden in its flavoring. In fact,



if you can **taste** a strong rum flavor it is a sure sign that the drink is powerfully spiked!

When man began discovering the art of distilling rum, he also discovered there were several ways to make it; as a result there are many "types" of rum. From heavy to light in body, and dark to light in color. From light to strong in aroma and taste. And then there is the range of "degrees" in the proof of rum: from 80-151 proof.

The best rum drink is the one which uses the largest blend of "types" of rum. This is because of their different textures and flavors; each adding its own personal character to the final blend.

Of the dozen or so different rums, Barbados, Cuban, Demerara, Jamaican, Puerto Rican, Virgin Islands and Martinique are the most commonly known. And of these, all that are really indispensable for a good home bar would be: Cuban, Demerara, Jamaican and Puerto Rican. Each has its own

texture and quality to add to any rum drink.

Cuban rums are mainly distilled from sugar-cane juice and have a lightly sweet flavor. **Cuban** is a mild tasting liquor and excellent for such drinks as the simple Daiquiri, high-ball and Rum & Coke.

The **Demerara** rums, from British Guiana, are much heavier in body, and dark in color. **Demerara** is an excellent rum for punch type drinks, and is often blended with the other types of rum because of its heavy and slightly burned taste. It is many times used as the "topping" for such drinks as the Zombie, since it comes in a variety of proofs, including 151.

Jamaican rums come both in light and dark color and are strong in their pungent flavor. Many times **Jamaican** has the light personality of a rare scotch that has been flavored with a rum taste. It adds to any blend of rums because of its distinctive contrast.

Puerto Rican is the "work horse"

of the rum family. Almost every bar you go into will have **Puerto Rican** rums. It's a light-bodied, sweet flavored rum that has become very popular for use in all rum drinks.

* * *

In the making of any boozed-up drink—including those containing rum—there are a few simple rules which will make it possible to mix, serve and enjoy the professional quality of a high class cocktail bar:

Always place ice cubes in the glass **FIRST!** This gives the liquor a chance to chill properly, without diluting it more than necessary.

STIR! do not shake drinks—unless instructed to, for this also will weaken them.

Use **FRESH** fruit juices when possible. The difference between fresh and canned fruit will show the logic behind this obvious suggestion.

Buy the **BEST** rum that you can afford. Bargain counter booze can't

match up to high priced liquor.

CHILL glasses before use. This helps to keep the drink cool and also makes it more attractive to the eye.—Eye appeal is important. It will create a psychological effect on the drinker and make him **think** that the drink will taste good; and when it **does** taste good, it will seem even better than if served in a sloppy manner. Regardless of what many heavy boozers will say about “throwing out the garbage,” add that slice of lime or lemon and a cherry on a tooth-pick.

* * *

Now let's get down to basics: Taking the simplest basic combination—a Daiquiri and its possible variations.

A **Daiquiri Cocktail** is like many other cocktails: liquor which has been mixed with fruit juice (lime or lemon is the most common) and some kind of sweetener such as sugar syrup or grenadine.

A three point drink: **Liquor, fruit juice, sweetener.**

THE DAIQUIRI COCKTAIL

2 jiggers (3 oz.) light rum.

Juice of 1 lime or lemon.

2 teaspoons of sweetener (bar sugar, sugar syrup or grenadine).

Pour over two crushed ice cubes and then shake until completely mixed and chilled. Strain into Daiquiri cocktail glass.

Using the **Daiquiri Cocktail** formula, let's break it down into its three component parts and examine what can be done to create variations of this popular rum drink.

Liquor:

The important thing to remember about rum is that it will mix with almost any kind of liquor and quite commonly with Gin, Vodka, Vermouths,, Liqueurs (covered under **Sweetener**) and Brandies.

It is possible to substitute many of the liquors for any portion of the rum in the Daiquiri, (ie: 1 oz. Rum, 1 oz. Gin, 1 oz. Brandy).

It is pointless to continue listing examples of the all but endless possible combinations that can be

used to create cocktails of your own invention. A little imagination is all that it takes; and you're on your way.

Fruit Juice:

Rum mixes with any fruit juice. Instead of using lime or lemon; it is possible to take grapefruit juice, coconut, peach nectar, etc., and use it instead.

Also, in order to make a taller drink, one can use more fruit juice than is recommended in the **Daiquiri Cocktail** (or add soda water). Such a drink is the ideal thing on a hot summer evening, or afternoon.

Sweetener:

So far, for sweetener all that has been suggested are non-alcoholic ingredients, but it is quite possible (and many times desirable) to use one of the many flavored brandies or liqueurs. Take something like one ounce of Creme De Almond in place of the sugar, or Creme De Banana or maybe Cherry Brandy.

Many drinks are really only a combination of these three elements: **liquor, fruit juice and sweetener.** By mixing two jiggers of liquor with the flavoring of fruit juice and some sweetener, over the rocks, and filling with soda water, you have some of those tall summer drinks which are so popular on a hot afternoon.

Most drinks are simply this combination of sane proportions, mixed with more fruit juices or soda water, over ice—if they are the **Zombie** or the simple cocktail or a party punch.

* * *

In making Party Punches:

Instead of taking jiggers of liquor, you measure by pints and quarts. A simple example will give the general idea. Take one quart rum, one pint gin, one pint vodka, one pint (any flavored) brandy, and then add an equal amount of fruit juices (as many as you desire). Pour all this into a punch bowl which has been partly filled with ice cubes or a large chunk of ice. Add carbonated water of your choice. Decorate with mint sprigs,

cherries, slices of pineapple, etc. .

The making of punches is as simple as that. As with the **Daiquiri Cocktail**, all that is needed is to expand and replace the basic ingredients with ones of your own choosing.

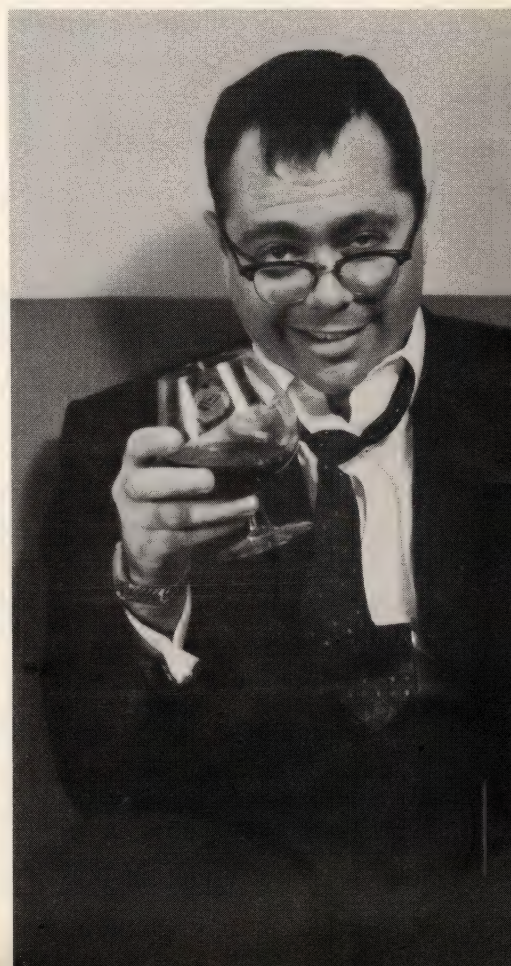
With rum it is possible to have a much larger horizon to work with than any other liquor, because it will go with more fruit juices and more liquors. From coconut to grapefruit to pineapple. For example: a jigger or two of rum poured over the ice with coconut juice added will make an exciting simple summer drink.

* * *

Then we come to the **blender drinks**. When creating something for yourself or a guest on those hot afternoons, it is always a good idea to have a blender around in any case. But when it comes to rum drinks, it is almost a necessity.

Blender drinks:

With the blender, the whole horizon is lengthened almost to infinity, since new directions in



every type of drink which can be made without it suddenly open up wide.

Taking the **Daiquiri Cocktail**, one would use a little slice of lime with the lime juice (or lemon). All that is needed is to place a couple of ice cubes and the liquor, juice and sweetener into a blender (along with the lice of lime—peel and all), and then blend away until the fruit has been chopped into almost nothing.

And that is only the beginning!

Take any fruit, peel it, put into the blender with some ice and a couple of shots of rum and blend away.

Add enough ice so that the final mixture is as thick as it can be with "snow," and you have a snow drink that can be served in a large glass with a small straw or spoon.

* * *

Then there are the "hot" drinks for the cold winter nights. And they are as simple as the cocktail and punch type drinks.

Hot Winter Rum drinks:

The easiest one would be a shot

or two of rum in a cup of coffee. Add—instead of sugar—a little **coffee liqueur** or **creme de cacao**.

Another, which suggests a little creative thought and more creative pleasure, is the home made **Hot Buttered Rum**: two jiggers of rum placed in a cup of hot water in which you have mixed a slice of butter, a dash of cinnamon, nutmeg and other tropical spices, will make for an extra exciting and warming drink.

It would be quite possible to take the rind of an orange, lemon, and lime, and the juice from all. Cook them until the rinds are cooked, and then after placing one to two shots of rum into a cup, add the hot juices. Add seasoning, if desired, and you might even give it a bit of butter. It's simple to make and delightful to taste.

So far we have discussed rum for the drinker. But what about the non-drinkers? For those, it is possible to mix many kinds of desserts, foods, tid-bits and finger food which will still give a hidden happy effect, and a wonderful taste

to boot!

Rums with food:

Rum has been used in cooking for years. It is excellent for meats of many kinds, fruits, some vegetables, and cakes and cookies. But in the cooking the alcohol is burned out, and this will defeat the purpose of keeping the party on a "high" minded level. Still, it will add zest to any cooking which would normally have sugar in it. Remember that rum is distilled from sugar cane and its by-products; and even though it may not be sweet in itself, it must be thought of in the same way as sugar when mixing into all forms of cooking.

In the desserts it is a natural. For a topping to a sunday all that would be necessary would be to add it to hot fudge. For something special it might be possible to please the non-drinker with a little **rum and creme de almond** (mixed together) poured over the ice cream; it will **definitely** please a drinker.

In all kinds of candies which it might be possible to add a little liquid—after cooking—one can use **rum**.

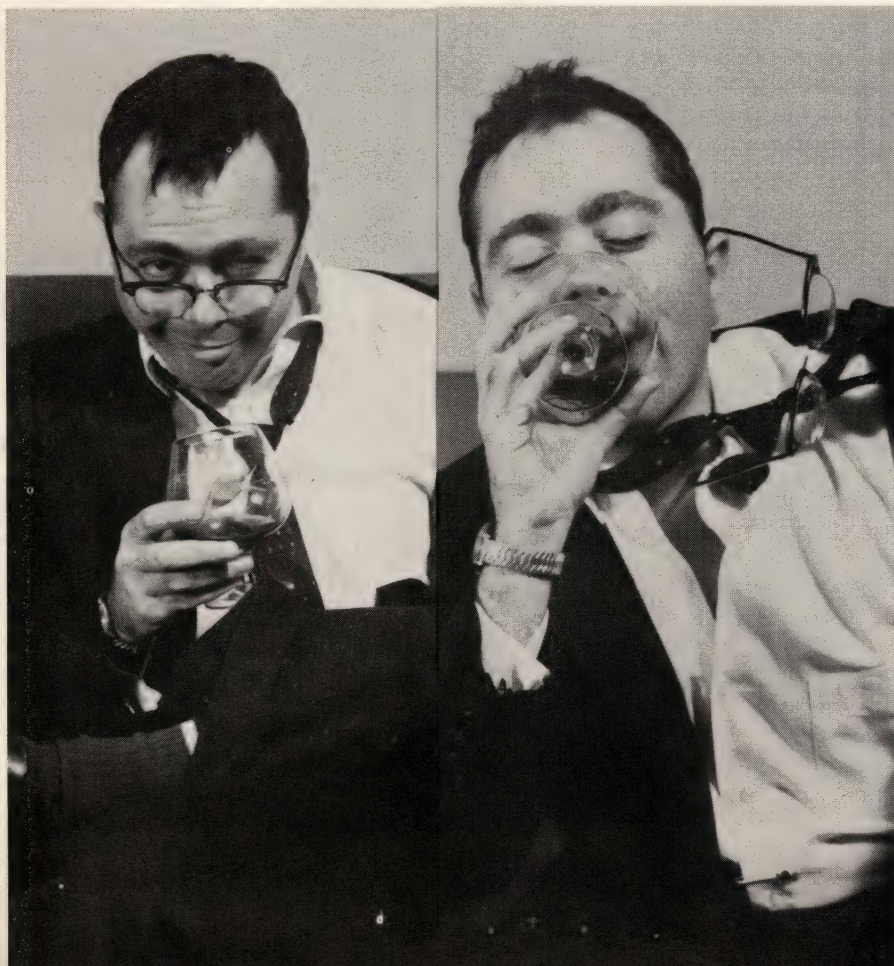
Soaking fruits and nuts. As a sauce for any dessert—if sweetened slightly with some liqueur.

During the winter season, when the holidays come along, there is nothing more stimulating than the smell of spices in the air and the added aroma of rum. In cooking, in eating, and in drinking it has limitless possibilities.

* * *

All that is necessary is to remember the above suggestions, and you can come up with as many possible combinations of exciting rum uses as your imagination will allow. You can create a land where tropical trade winds blow across deep blue waters; turn back the pages of time to the days of the bucaners; all with a bottle of rum.

It is an endless horizon, stretching in time and space, which is open to the men and women who reach for the bottle that contains **some rum fun!**



COMPACT CARS

(Continued from Page 75)

And for a logical reason: Because American Motors has been building both **Ramblers**, small and large, for several years without making any major changes in design, it has had time to refine both the cars and the way they're put together. The factory has been able to develop better assembly

techniques to provide the cars with greater reliability and durability.

Two other makes that have been the subjects of praise are Plymouth and Dodge. They are both fast, roadable cars. Unfortunately, they are among the poorest built in the industry. Together with their smaller companions, **Valiant** and **Lancer**, they have excellent design features but careless assembly.

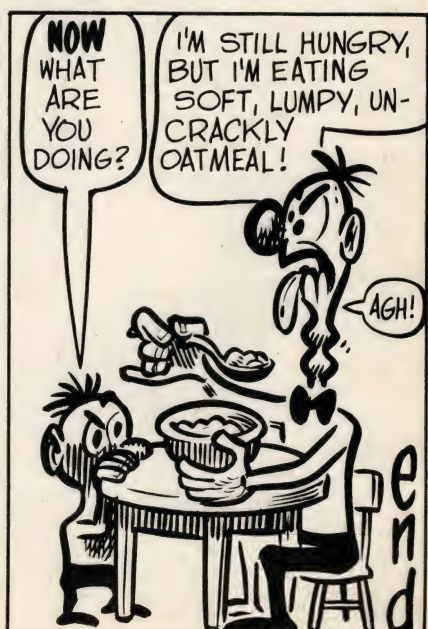
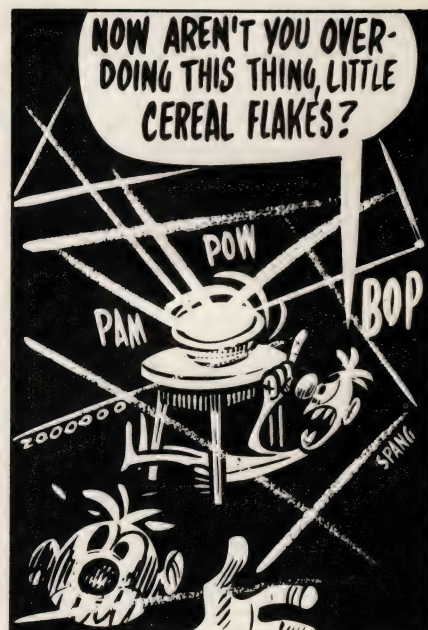
If you're planning on buying a

new compact, consider all the factors and relate them to the kind of driving you do. What's really most important to you? Minimum Price? Maximum economy? Top power? Handling? Comfort?

When you decide what type of car you really want, you trim the list of 400 combinations 'way down. You can't have **everything** on one set of wheels, but you **can** have most of the features that really matter to you in the long run.



"COME, COME, MY DEAR . . . ONE MORE LITTLE OL' MARTINI WON'T HURT Y'AWL ANY!"





ODE
TO A
GRECIAN

*Like The Graceful Form Of A Grecian Urn, The
Form Of This Exotic Dancer Is Breath-Takingly PERFECT!*



Every once in a great while a magazine runs across a young woman . . . a young woman with the kind of figure that every man *dreams* of . . . round, feminine curves in all the right places, and in just the right proportions. And firm—wonderfully firm. A figure that is almost too classical in its perfection to be real!

JADE is lucky—and proud—to present such a rare beauty.

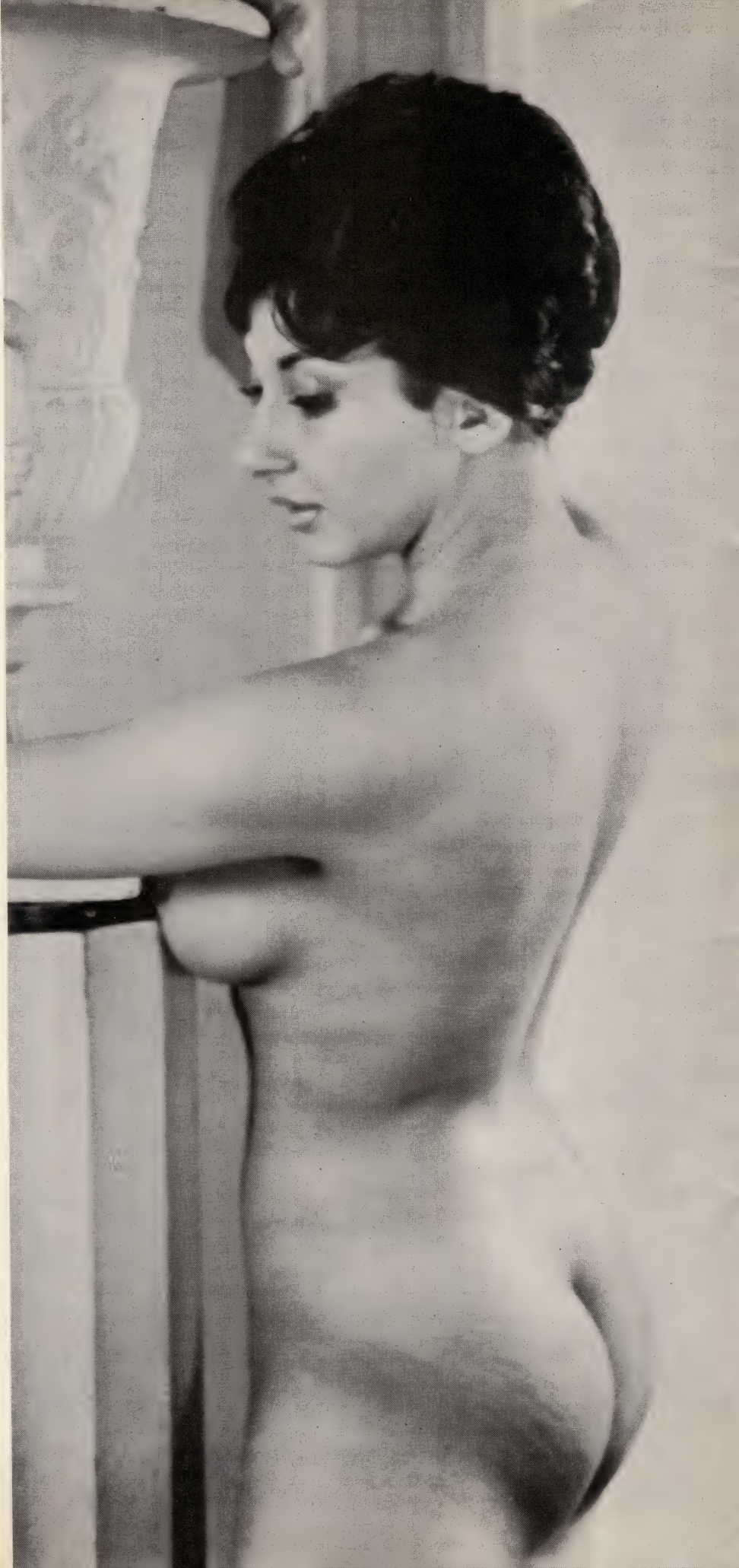
Her name . . . Marya Lenero. Her profession . . . dancing. Her love . . . *beauty*.

Marya loves the cold, perfect beauty of a grecian urn, with its smooth lines and graceful curves. She loves the breath-taking splendor of the gigantic statues created by Michelangelo, with their firm, proud torsos and long powerful legs and thighs.

When she dances, either on the stage or in night clubs, Marya lets her mind drift . . . her body relax . . . and she is whirled away into a dream state where she is a living goddess, a reincarnation of *Aphrodite*, the goddess of Love. Her moving torso glistens and gleams in a silver spotlight as

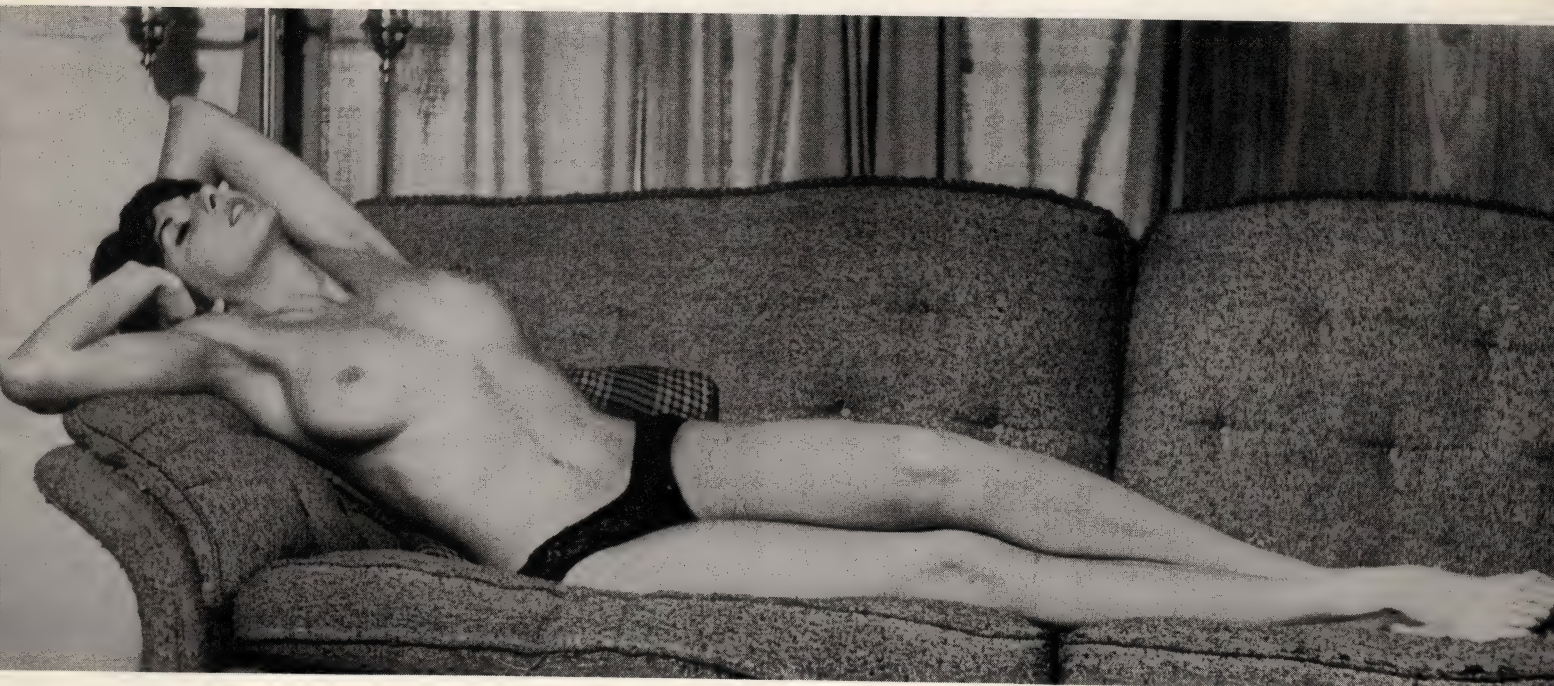
her long shapely legs carry her around and around the stage, moving majestically—yet seductively—for the pleasure of the audience. And yet her mind is thousands of miles—and thousands of years—away. Back in ancient Athens.

But since Marya is alive (vibrantly alive!) today, she has to content herself with dreaming about ancient Athens, while she dances, dances through life, using her perfect body to express art in motion, until such time as the right modern sculptor finds her and captures her perfection in marble for the pleasure of beauty lovers for centuries to come.

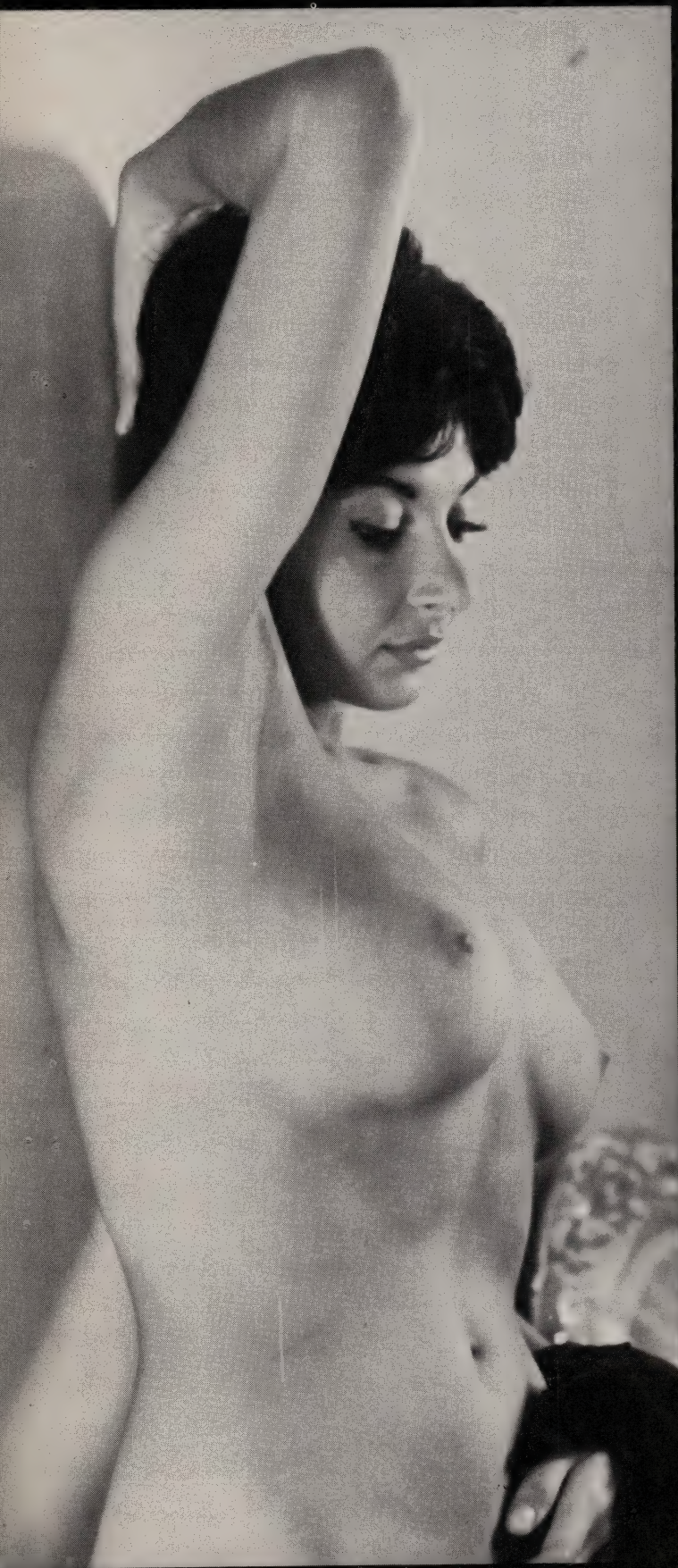




*Only The Statues Of Michaelangelo
Can Compare With The
Beautiful Body Of Marya Lenero!*



photographer/edward delong



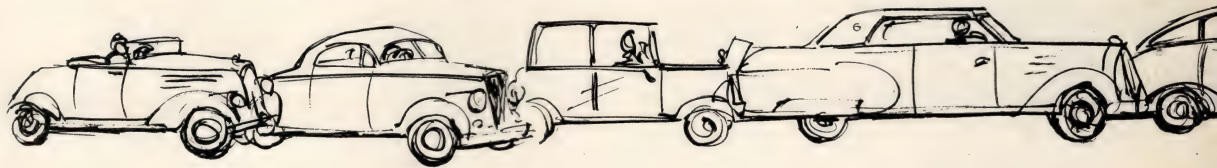
Here Is A Greek Goddess Come To Life!



THE 39 STOPS

A House Is Not A Home . . . Or Is It?

A Battle Of The Prude And The Passionate!



I pushed the doorbell, wondering why one of *them* lived up here above the Sunset Strip where all the second-rate actors and script writers made like beatniks. Then she opened the door and her share of the famous family's chin told me she'd live where she pleased.

"Sergeant Hodges," I said. "Vice Squad."

She clamped antique pince-nez on the thin beak of her nose and looked down at my hands and shoes. I put my hands in my pockets but I couldn't hide my shoes. Then she glanced at the white hair showing under my hat and sniffed. "I," she said, "am Miss Mehitabel Kluth. Come in."

I followed her into her living room where the rug was thick and expensive under my feet; blinking until my eyes came into focus on her salt-and-pepper hair pulled tight and spiked behind her ears. Right under them, her clothes started; and all the way down they looked like a black suit of she-armor built for crusades.

She said, "As I telephoned your lieutenant, that evil woman has moved into the place above here and is operating a house of ill-repute. You go right up there and arrest her at once!"

"Well now, Miss Kluth," I said, "I'd be glad to do as you say, but the law says I can't make an arrest unless I get concrete evidence . . ."

"Evidence!" She thrust a sheet of paper into my hands. "Here."

Weeding out the several repeats, it was a list of thirty-nine different automobile license numbers and, opposite each, a date during the past three weeks; and a time—afternoon, evening, or late at night.

She stabbed a long, virtuous finger at it. "Her cust—her—whatever you call the men who frequent places like that." She shuddered. "It's outrageous!"

"Yes, ma'am. Now can you give me their descriptions?"

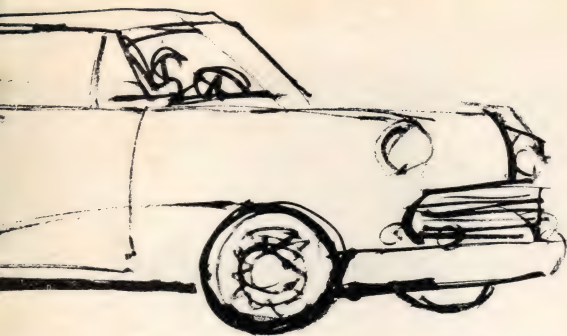
"Descriptions? Of course not. See here, are you questioning *me*?"

"Oh, no ma'am. But—uh—then how'd you know they were men?"

"Well!" Then she visibly decided to humor me. "I heard their voices and their footsteps on her porch. Men! Now see here, you arrest that woman without any more of this quibbling."

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I can't. Not without conclusive evidence to convince a jury."

"A jury!" She thrust her fists against her hips. "You don't seem to realize who I am!"



I did, though. And I also realized what the Kluth family power and the Kluth millions could do in this town, particularly in an election year.

"I see that you are much more interested in protecting that—that harpy," she said, "than a genuine taxpayer."

"Oh, no, Miss Kluth. I'm trying to protect you—"

"I don't need protection."

"But, Miss Kluth, there are such things as suits for false arrest and slander. If you'll let me do it our way, I can—"

"Your way!" Then her eyes narrowed and she gave me a smile like the hovering paw of a cat; a black one. "Very well. Go ahead. Do it your way," she said. "But unless that woman is in jail by tomorrow noon, I'll have the Grand Jury investigate the Police Department."

And I knew damned well that she could do it, too!

When I walk on dynamite I try to watch where I put my feet. I wouldn't take anything Mehitabel told me without seeing for myself, so I asked her how she'd been able to compile the list. And, still enjoying her ultimatum, she didn't make too many bones about showing me.

She took me to her bedroom, in back. In the doorway she hesitated as if deciding between the proprieties and her own purpose. Vindictiveness won.

I followed her in and my first glimpse of her bed had me thinking it was why she hesitated. It was immense. A four-poster with a frilly pink canopy that dated way, way back. It carried a froth of

small pillows and the counterpane was lace, shot full of ribbons. It stopped me cold. She caught my eye and I pulled myself together.

"Up there." She pointed out the window. "To the right."

Sixty feet up, I saw the sheer side of another fake-moorish hillside hacienda clinging to the switchback of the road above. At the curb in front, the polished rear end of a '57 T-bird projected enough to be identifiable past the side of the house. The license number was just visible.

Miss Kluth cleared her throat and I asked hastily, "Is that her car?"

"Of course not. That's another one of her— That's where they always park."

"It could be a friend. Just visiting."

"*Friend!* No decent woman has thirty-nine *different* 'friends' in three weeks. And every one of them a *man*. And every man of them *alone!*"

I didn't have any answer for that.

"Well, Sergeant, isn't that enough for your jury?"

"Not yet, Miss Kluth."

"Then what do you intend to do?"

"Well . . . uh—I'm going to watch that house. A 'stake-out,' you know. Where's the best place?"

"Right here."

She planted me in a rocker at the window; then brought in a soap dish, putting it on the bedside table at my elbow, meaningfully.

"I don't smoke," I said.

"Oh . . ." And I'll take my oath that she sounded disappointed.

She got out a pair of opera glasses that "just happened" to be in a drawer of the bedside table. I glanced at the mere sixty feet separating Kluth's window from the house above and, deadpan, set the glasses on the ledge of the open window. This abode was not air-conditioned. And with all her money, too . . .

She smiled again like a stalking cat and went out, leaving me alone.

Nothing happened for the next

half-hour. I started fiddling with the opera glasses, looking at a dog galloping along the crest of the hills; a woman working slowly in her garden. They were good glasses.

I put them down and thought about how peaceful things would be when I got my pension in two years. No professionals, no promoters, no reformers . . .

Sound carried clearly, snapping my attention back to current events. I heard the street door of the upper house open, a man laugh, and footsteps clatter on cement. A man's footsteps and, along with them, the click of a woman's high heels. The T-Bird settled as someone got in and the door slammed shut.

The woman came from behind the corner of the house and stooped, evidently to lean in the near window of the car, resting the toe-tip of a slim, long leg on the curb. She laughed, apparently at what the invisible man said. A husky, lazy laugh; and from my angle, looking up, her body was as full and exciting as—well, full and exciting. A sweep of platinum hair coiled about her shoulders.

I picked up the glasses and focused them as she looked down and kicked away a pebble. Large violet eyes—arched, inky brows—mouth full-lipped and smiling . . .

"Hmph!" came from behind me. Mehitabel was in the doorway looking down her nose. I set the glasses down quickly.

From up above, the blonde's voice carried distinctly. "Stop laughing," she told the unseen man. "A girl can put on a real show—and you men all love it. You know you do. Come Friday, you'll—well, you just wait till you see."

"I can't hold my breath two days, honey," the man's voice floated down to us. "How about a preview?"

"No. Definitely. If you're curious you'll be sure to show up."

"Don't you worry. I'll be there—and you'd better."

She laughed and started to say something, then moved out of sight as the T-Bird's engine roared into

life. The car U-turned and switch-backed down the road fast, taking the tight, steep turn past Kluth's front door with constant acceleration. I didn't get a look at the man, but the way he handled that car was a pleasure to watch.

The license number showed it had been there last Monday—late at night.

"Well, Hodges," Mehitabel's voice panted in my ear, "how much more do you want?"

"Well . . . I think—"

"Think, nothing! Act! Go up there and arrest her."

"There's still twenty-two hours before your deadline."

"Hmph!"

She left me alone and I settled down to watch. Very little happened. A grocery order came. A pint-sized delivery car dropped off some liquor. And, twice, a truck delivered furniture. It looked like the blonde was settling in for a permanent stay.

By one in the morning I saw I wasn't getting anywhere. I was completely fed up with Mehitabel's rancor and I got out of that house and went home for some sleep.

The next morning I reached the Department at eight sharp and gave the Motor Vehicle Bureau a copy of the list of license numbers to check on. I got in touch with the utility and telephone companies and then went in to report to Lieutenant Bleigh.

He said, "What in hell have you been doing with this case? The D.A.'s in it now and yelling for action."

"Is it action he wants, or evidence?"

"All right, evidence."

"What do you expect me to do? Pull it out of my hat?"

"I don't care where you get it, as long as you get it here. By noon!"

"Look, you can take me off this case any time."

"Uh-uh . . . Hodges, you're on it and you're going to stay. And if there's any trouble, you're the patsy." Bleigh glared at my face, as he hunched over in his chair. "What have you got?"

"The phone company says her name is Marta Vigrell . . ."

"Sounds phony."

I shrugged and went on. "She's had the phone a week. Called New York three times. Long lines director says her calls went to a TV production office and an agent."

"What kind?"

"Literary—TV and movies."

Bleigh opened his mouth again, but I motioned him to wait and said, "The Gas Company says her application for service lists her occupation as 'script writer'."

Bleigh got his word in. "Legitimate?"

"It could be."

"What do you think?"

I couldn't tell if he was asking me or just trying to get me out on a limb. I said, "I don't know."

He snorted. "With this Kluth dame on our necks, you'd better find out."

"It could be on the level."

"Yeah, sure. Now how do you brush off *thirty-nine* men?"

"Well . . . Look, Lieutenant, Vigrell's not the type—"

"This is Hollywood," he said. "There is no 'type'. Keep digging."

He sagged back in his chair. "And don't forget. If anything goes sour, it's your pants. Get your mind off your pension and dig us out by noon."

That was that, I got half-way through the door before Bleigh spoke again. He said, "Keep me posted, understand?"

Sure I understood. I had to keep Kluth off our necks. I had to keep the Department in the clear. I had to be the patsy. And if things came clear, Bleigh would step in and grab the glory. Did he think I had to wait for him to tell me?

I went back to the Motor Vehicle Bureau. They said the best they could do on the license listings was two o'clock. That's the Department all over. Pooping around with routine while my pension frayed at the edges. My watch said it was nine-thirty and all I could do was get out to Kluth's with my useless list and hope for a break to carry us past the dead-

line.

At ten o'clock Mehitabel yanked her front door open to let me in. I deadpanned and got to the back bedroom window. She followed me and put an alarm clock on the dresser where we both had to look at it. And listen to it.

"I shouldn't have given you until noon," she blurted a little later. "You're not doing anything."

She was right, but I couldn't let her know it. For the next hour I sat there racking my brains, trying to look like I was carrying out a definite plan—and watching her simmer. It was crystal clear there was no chance of stalling her past noon.

Then that same truck arrived at the blonde's house and unloaded a custom-built bed. King size and triple matted.

Mehitabel blew her cork!

"Listen," I said. "Getting a bed doesn't mean it's going to be used for immoral purpo—"

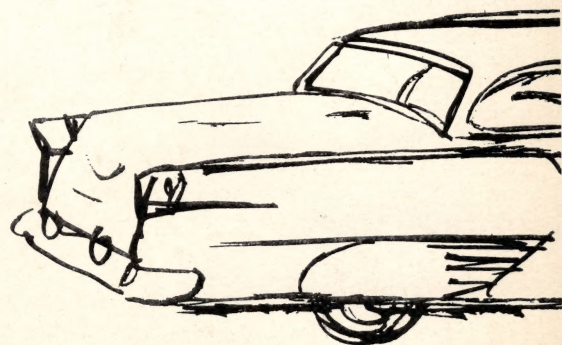
"What else can that satin-tufted corruption *be* used for?" she snapped. "No decent woman would sleep—"

Desperately keeping my eyes from switching to her own frilly contraption beside us, I interrupted: "That's conjecture, not evidence."

"It's enough evidence for me!"

The moving men came out, got into the van and drove off. Mehitabel shook her finger in the direction of the house. "There's enough evidence in that house to convict that woman before any jury in the land!"

She could be right. But anyway she gave me an idea. It might not do any good, but it would stall past the deadline. And it would pass the buck back to the D.A.'s office.



"You're right," I said. "I'll go right down to the D.A.'s office for a search warrant."

"No, you won't! You'll go up there and arrest her. Now!"

Before I could answer, the sound of an engine roared up past Mehitabel's house. We bumped heads looking out of the window. A high-finned convertible slammed to a stop in front of Vigrell's with a squeal of burning rubber. Its door slammed. Then there was the sound of footsteps. A man's. First on cement, then on boards. Then the house door banged shut.

"That's enough!" Mehitabel said. "I'm going up there and catch her in the very act!"

And she went!

So I had to. All the way up around the curve of the patched road I followed her, trying to think straight and bringing up nothing but circles. *I* couldn't stop her. And without permission of the tenant *I* couldn't go in. *I* couldn't let her go in alone. *I* had to keep the Department in the clear. And my *pension!*

She got there first and banged on the door. I found a bell and thumbed it.

Marta Vigrell opened the door herself. She had on V-shorts and one of those new double-V glamour bras.

Mehitabel loved them. "Shameless!" she screeched. You brazen hussy!"

"What brought this on?" Vigrell gasped. "Who are you?"

"Never you mind who I am," Mehitabel yelled. "You—"

I broke it up by flashing my badge. "Miss Vigrell," I said, "a complaint has been lodged—"

"A complaint? What's wrong?"

Mehitabel broke in. "I'll tell you what's wrong. You're being arrested for working a house of ill-repute!"

"Me?" Vigrell's voice went up three notches. "Me! Why you old bag, how dare you! I'm getting married tomorrow and you—"

"Don't you call *me* names—." Mehitabel gasped to a stop as a very tall, sandy-haired man loomed up at Vigrell's shoulder.

He put his arm around her and said. "I'll handle this, honey."

He glared at me and said, "Who are you?"

I showed him my badge and he said, "Marta's my fiancée. Have you got an arrest warrant?"

I shook my head.

"A search warrant?"

"I have not."

"Then get going. We don't want any part of you." He started to close the door.

"Oh, no you don't!" Mehitabel yelled. She slammed the door back and pushed in, shoving them stumbling across the floor. I caught the sandy-haired man's eye and shrugged helplessly.

Then Mehitabel unloosed a tirade about blonde harlots that made an ICBM's blast look like a cigarette lighter. Vigrell fell right into hysterics and the man got white around the lips.

This was it. This was the rotten bottom of the barrel. I didn't dare enter that house unasked or I'd be slapping the Department spang into the grease. This guy knew his way around. I couldn't leave without filling the Department's hair with D.A.'s and Kluths. I did the only thing I could do—planted both heels firmly on the concrete and watched.

In less than two minutes, the flareup started to look like a swell case of mayhem coming up. The man recognized it, too, and played it smart. "Come in, officer," he told me. "We're going to need you."

I took off my hat and walked in; happy on one side to get in legally, and sorry on the other that I had to go in at all. Over the women's shrieks, he said, "Officer, arrest this woman for illegal entry and assault and battery."

Even through her own bedlam, Mehitabel heard that. She broke off sharp and turned on him, screaming: "Arrest *ME!* Why you —"

And then I interrupted her. I said to the man, "Mister, are you awful sure you know what you're doing?"

"What do you mean?"

"This — uh — lady is Miss Mehitabel Kluth . . . Yeah, *Kluth* . . . And, well—there's still that complaint . . ."

Vigrell picked it up. "You mean you're going to let her call me a—"

"Let me take care of this, honey," he cut her off and turned back to me. "Just what grounds does this—does Miss Kluth think she has?"

"Miss Vigrell has had *thirty-nine* men visit her in the past three weeks at both usual and unusual hours."

"The hell she has!"

I shrugged and took out the list of licenses. "Here's what cars they came in."

He took the list with barely a glance and snapped: "What's this got to do with it? Who were the men?"

"I haven't any names or personal descriptions. But that list of so many vehicles is prima facie evidence of 'visitation' of some kind."

He started to say something and then stopped. He looked down at the list, scowled, scanned it rapidly, deadpanned at me, dug a notebook out of his pocket and compared some pages with my list. Then he began to laugh. He whooped! Choking, he caught his breath and turned to Vigrell.

"I knew I was good, honey, but this is the first time I've rated as *thirty-nine* men!"

He gave me back my list and passed over his notebook. All of the numbers I had listed were down in the book, and more. Many more. He took a business card from the breast pocket of his sports jacket and handed it to me. Then he turned to Mehitabel.

"Kluthy, I'm going to hit you with illegal entry, assault and battery, inciting to riot, disturbing the peace, laying false charges, slander, and everything else the best lawyer in town can dig out of his library!"

His card read::

TRUTHFUL TOMMY TRASK
USED CARS

And his slogan:

I'LL DO YOU GOOD



**good reading, thats what
our readers want and this is what we're
giving ... so turn the pages and enjoy
yourself!**

JADE

